THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1890.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE end of the moribund Session has drawn very near. Most of the leading members of the Opposition have left London, and the week has been spent in steady application to business in the House of Commons, varied with some explosions of feeling caused by the singular lack of tact shown by Ministers. We have had much talk about "Obstruction" from the Tory benches and the Tory press, but no real obstruction in the House. True, certain specimens of the Parliamentary bore have, as is their wont, made themselves specially obnoxious in these last languid days of Parliamentary strife; but the bores have been with us always. They were familiar figures in the House of Commons long before Parliamentary obstruction had been heard of, and their individual eccentricities cannot for a moment be charged against any political party. The Government have continued to drop Bills, and at the same time have been singularly successful in rousing the angriest spirit of indignation among the Scotch members by a course of action which is almost unintelligible.

LORD SALISBURY made a jubilant speech on foreign affairs at the Mansion House on Wednesday evening. If we are to believe him everything is *couleur de rose* abroad, and the peace of Europe is assured. We have unhappily learnt the precise value of assurances of this kind from the lips of Foreign Ministers. It may be granted, however, that for the present the state of Europe is distinctly pacific. The visit of the German Emperor to the Queen adds fresh evidence to the reality of the good understanding which has now been established between the two countries, and of which the cession of Heligoland is the sign and symbol. It is an understanding for which we have had to pay heavily, and there is nothing in it of which we can boast; but at least it will be something if we secure the friendship of Germany. Nor is this all. On the day on which LORD SALISBURY spoke, the terms of the agreement we have made with France for the purpose of securing her recognition of the Protectorate of Zanzibar were made known. Here again we have had to pay heavily. Madagascar, the scene of the noblest missionary triumphs of England during the present century, has been abandoned to France, and the Republic has at the same time obtained the right to the "back-land" of Africa from Tunis to the Niger. The French are delighted—naturally. LORD SALISBURY may be perfectly right in saying that our relations with France and Germany are excellent. So long as we purchase friendship at this price, it may always be obtained. But what a price it is! And what a commentary is afforded by these transactions upon the ultra-jingoism of the present Prime Minister when in Opposition!

DESPITE the assertions of LORD SALISBURY there is one spot on the European horizon where the outlook is anything but bright. We refer to Russia. Though strenuous denials have been offered regarding the alleged persecution of the Jews, it is to be feared that the facts are pretty much as they were stated last week. Public opinion in England has been strongly moved by the revelation of this policy. We cannot believe that the utterances of the Press are due, as our contemporary *Truth* declares, merely to the fact that Jews are proprietors of some English journals; nor do we see that it can answer any good purpose to set the Turkish atrocities in Armenia against the persecution of the Jews in Russia. The Czar is a Christian ruler who sins against the light. Regarding the Turk, all minds are made up, and we await his inevitable doom with equanimity. It is not only by the persecution of the Jews, however, that ALEXANDER THE THIRD is showing his hatred of freedom. The recent withdrawal from Finland of its cherished local liberties is another retrograde step. The Czar, we are told, has been punished for it by finding that he and his family have suddenly lost all the popularity they have hitherto enjoyed when sojourning among the Finns. In the meantime there are fresh rumours of plots against His Majesty's life, and the materials for a great conflagration throughout the Russian Empire are steadily being accumulated.

THE most recent explanations of Ministers prove beyond the possibility of doubt or controversy that the Anglo-German agreement is a retrograde agreement, so far as the policy of Free Trade is concerned. By Article VII. of the Commercial Treaty of 1886 it was provided that a duty not exceeding 5 per cent. was to be paid at that port in the dominions of the SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR where the goods are first landed, but that on payment of this duty such goods were thereafter to be exempt, within the Zanzibar dominions, from all other customs duties or taxes levied by or on behalf of the Government of His Highness the Sultan. The Anglo-German agreement changes all this. In the event of the mainland portion of the Sultanate of Zanzibar being ceded to Germany, goods which have paid the 5 per cent. duty on entering the island will be liable to pay another 5 per cent. duty on entering the mainland. Again, by Article I. of the General Act of the Conference of Berlin (1885), the Conference Powers agreed to use their good offices with the Governments established on the African shore of the Indian Ocean for the purpose of obtaining their approval to the establishment of complete Free Trade within their respective territories; but it is now admitted that the Conference Powers have hitherto failed to use their good offices in the sense indicated, and that they have not the remotest intention in the world of so using them in the future. The commercial and industrial classes in this country are not likely to bless the Government that negotiated the Anglo-German agreement.

NOR does the agreement by any means appear to have given unqualified satisfaction at the Cape. On the motion of the HON. CECIL RHODES, the Cape Colony House of Assembly has unanimously passed a resolution regretting that the Cape Government was not consulted with regard to the Anglo-German agreement, as far as it concerned the territory south of the Zambesi. It will be remembered that more than a month ago MR. SMITH was asked in the House of Commons whether any communications had taken place between the Home Government and the Government of the Cape Colony with reference to the proposed Anglo-German agreement. He stated in reply that some communications had taken place, but that they were of a confidential character, the effect of which it would not

be desirable to state, as negotiations were going on. Upon this point MR. SMITH and the HON. CECIL RHODES appear to be in direct conflict with each other, and, strange as it may appear, SIR JAMES FERGUSSON, the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has taken sides with the Prime Minister at the Cape against his own leader in the House of Commons. "The Cape Government," says SIR JAMES FERGUSSON, "was not a party to the negotiations, its territories were not affected by the agreement, and the general provisions were not laid before it previously to the conclusion of the agreement." We venture to think, in direct opposition to the contention of our own Foreign Office, that the Cape Colony is most deeply interested in the provisions of the Anglo-German agreement, and that the time has long since gone by when it was either just or expedient that the Home Government should make arrangements closely affecting any of our Colonies without first taking those Colonies into its confidence.

THE House of Lords has again displayed its extraordinary unwisdom during the week. LORD HOUGHTON'S Committee had dealt in a fair and reasonable spirit with the Bill promoted by the London County Council, one of the objects of which was to provide for the removal of the DUKE OF BEDFORD'S gates and bars on his Bloomsbury estate. The question of compensation had been fully considered, and the Lords Committee, like the Commons, had decided that no compensation for removal was due to the tenants. Then, at the last moment on Tuesday, LORD WEMYSS and the other representatives of the Liberty and Property Defence Association rushed into the breach and carried a clause which embodied the principle of compensation—to the DUKE OF BEDFORD! The tenants whose peace—secured at so much inconvenience to the general public—is to be disturbed, are to receive no compensation; but the DUKE OF BEDFORD, the typical ground-landlord of London, whose wealth grows whilst he sleeps, and who would not lose so much as one night's rest by the removal of every bar and gate in the metropolis, is to have the power of claiming compensation just as though land of his had been taken from him. The enemies of the House of Lords ought to be very grateful to the Peers who on Tuesday last thus played into their hands.

THE execution of KEMMLER, the American murderer, by means of electricity, has been made the occasion of a very painful display of that form of hysteria which now-a-days afflicts a public debauched by "sensational" journalism. For months past KEMMLER'S approaching fate has been discussed in the American newspapers as eagerly as though the destiny of nations depended upon it. At last the day of his execution arrived, and he was duly put to death in the presence of more than a score of witnesses who had been fed beforehand on the sensational diet of the press. His death was certainly painless, and probably instantaneous, but the over-wrought nerves of the spectators led them to imagine all kinds of horrors in connection with it. Probably few of them had ever seen a man hanged, or knew the horrors connected with that form of killing. As it is, the full and inevitably unpleasant details of the death-scene have been spread not only throughout America, but even in this country (the *Standard* published a description on Thursday morning two columns in length!), and the result is a demand that there shall be no more executions by electricity. Would it not be simpler and more manly to decide that there shall be no more executions under any circumstances? The violent slaying of a human being cannot possibly be made a pleasant spectacle for the onlookers.

THE crisis in the Argentine Republic has been solved after much difficulty and delay by the resignation of the Presidency by DR. CELMAN, his place being taken by MR. PELLEGRINI. The change is distinctly one for the better, DR. CELMAN'S Administration having been responsible for the grave financial and political complications which have brought the State so near to ruin. MR. PELLEGRINI bears an excellent character, and though he cannot restore the damaged reputation of the Argentine Republic in a month, he may be able to steer the ship safely through the storm in which it has been caught. Of the ultimate prosperity of the State, provided it enjoys good government, none can doubt.

THE Swaziland agreement between the English Government and the Transvaal has been under discussion during the week, but it has not yet been definitely concluded. The Boers, it is evident from the telegrams received since the publication of the arrangements on Monday, are by no means pleased with the terms agreed upon. Those terms were essentially in the nature of a compromise. Swaziland, instead of being acquired either by the Transvaal or England, is to remain independent, under a joint Government of Englishmen and Boers, whilst the Transvaal obtains the right to construct a railway across Swaziland and Amatongaland to the port of Kosi, which will belong exclusively to the Republic. Until we know whether the treaty is actually accepted by the Transvaal, it is useless to discuss its provisions. If, however, it is accepted by the Boers, they will show greater moderation than they have hitherto exhibited in their dealings with us.

THE rate of discount in the open market has declined this week. It was thought that gold was coming in such large amounts from New York, and is likely to be received from Paris, that bill-brokers and discount houses competed eagerly with one another, and foreign bankers also freely took English bills. On Thursday, however, there was a change in the feeling of the market. The value of money in New York suddenly rose, causing a stoppage of the gold exports, and the directors of the Bank of France charged a premium of as much as 4s. 2d. per mille for gold. Therefore, the probability which seemed so great previously, of getting enough of gold to replenish the Bank of England's reserve, was all at once lessened. At the same time, it is known that gold will be sent abroad in considerable amounts. And lastly, trade is so active, and harvesting is now becoming so general, that coin is flowing out to the provinces in large amounts.

THERE is a decidedly better feeling in the Stock Markets this week, though business is little more active. In the first place, operators hope that the stringency in the Money Markets is over for a while at all events. And in the second, they have been persuading themselves that the crisis in the Argentine Republic will be ended by the resignation of PRESIDENT CELMAN, and the installation of a successor who has the confidence of the public at home and abroad. That, of course, is a delusion. A change of government does not replace the losses that have been incurred by speculators, nor reduce an excessive currency, nor lessen the burden of debt. But operators are sanguine, and Argentine securities have risen. Then, again, the weather has at length become favourable for harvesting. And, lastly, trade continues exceedingly good. The railway traffic returns are most satisfactory, and all other evidence goes to show that trade is better now even than it was last year. But in spite of so much that is favourable, there is exceedingly little doing upon the Stock Exchange. The prospectus is issued of MESSRS. J. & P. COATS (Limited), of the Ferguslie Thread Works, Paisley. The share capital will be £1,333,340 in 6 per cent. preference shares of £10 each; £1,666,670 in ordinary shares of £10 each, and there will be in addition £1,333,340 in 4½ per cent. debenture stock.

MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. GLADSTONE has gone home to Hawarden, and with his departure from London the whole political atmosphere seems to have undergone a change. No matter who remains—a Prime Minister, a Chancellor of the Exchequer, or an Irish Secretary, all men of mark and distinction in their way—the interest of the public in the political struggle seems to have died at the moment of the Liberal leader's departure. It is extraordinary, this position of one man, and one man alone, in the great world of politics; and it is unique. There are those who resent so strongly any allusion to Mr. Gladstone's abnormal physical and intellectual vigour that, in order to avoid causing them irritation, we hardly dare dwell upon the fact of his age. He was in Parliament before most of his rivals were in their cradles, and a power in the land before the name of any one of them had been heard outside the schoolroom. All this we know, and we have wondered now for so considerable a number of years over the fact—for a fact it has been for years past—that we have almost ceased to have the power of wondering any more. Indeed, Mr. Gladstone himself prevents us from allowing him one, at least, of the compensations of old age—pity for its loneliness. There is no loneliness about him, just as there is no cessation of the power of learning; or, in other words, of mental growth. True, he has been called upon to part with nearly all the friends and companions who stood by his side "in life's morning march." Brought up under the shadow of the great name of Canning, the subordinate of Peel, the friend or colleague in the past of Lord John Russell, of Sidney Herbert, of Sir James Graham, of Lord Aberdeen, of Lord Palmerston, of the Duke of Newcastle, of Sir George Lewis, of Mr. Cobden, of Mr. Bright, and of a whole host of illustrious Englishmen whose names have passed into history, it might well be thought that he must now feel himself standing alone in the place which was once peopled by so many of his contemporaries. The other day a statue was unveiled on the Thames Embankment which is meant to perpetuate the memory of a great Englishman who has been dead these four years, and whose twenty-five years of Parliamentary life won for him a lasting claim upon the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen. Yet when Mr. Forster entered Parliament, an unknown and untried man, Mr. Gladstone was already on the threshold of the Premiership. To have seen so many colleagues, trusted and loved, fall by his side, can be no common sorrow to any man, and least of all to a man of Mr. Gladstone's ardent and sympathetic temperament. Yet whilst his heart still clings to the memories of the past, it is open to the impressions of the present; and there has been no period in his long life when Mr. Gladstone has been surrounded by a band of friends more loyal and more devoted than those who now stand by the veteran's side in eager expectation of his next and greatest battle for the cause of justice and freedom. Most men of eighty have withdrawn from the fight, and live alone with their memories. In Mr. Gladstone's case memory and hope and effort dwell side by side.

He has gone home, bringing his sheaves with him. Much has happened since he came up to town last February, and took up his abode in the house in St. James's Square which during the Session has been the real headquarters of English Liberalism. For Mr. Gladstone personally, the last six months have been a term of unremitting social and intellectual activity. He has entertained many guests in his own house; he has charmed and fascinated uncounted dinner parties, including not a few composed of his political opponents, in the houses of others; he has spoken many times in the House of Commons and out of it; he has found time to contribute to several magazines and reviews—one at least of his contributions, the delightful sketch of Dr. Döllinger published in these pages, being one of the very happiest of the numberless products of his pen; he has been to Oxford, playing the part of a student in the venerable halls which he quitted sixty years ago, and evoking the enthusiasm of the youthful scholars of to-day as he invoked that of their fathers before them. It has been a full year for Mr. Gladstone at all events—as full of work, of enjoyment, of effort, and of sympathy, as any year he has ever known. Nor has the work been fruitless. When Parliament met, the Liberal leader found himself confronted by a great party which was still dressed in the arrogance of its superior strength. The cause of Home Rule still lay under a social ban; there were still men who believed that the rope of sand Mr. Balfour was spinning so laboriously was destined to hold fast; above all, there was still confidence in the future fortunes of the Tory and Liberal Unionist coalition among the great body of its followers throughout the country. We need hardly dwell upon the change which has passed over the scene since then, the change which has happened whilst Mr. Gladstone has been directing his party during the present Session. Ministers have fallen so low that absolute defeat itself could hardly bring them lower. Mr. Balfour's impossible policy is now recognised as being impossible by every intelligent man on the Tory benches; the first serious signs of a rift in the union of the two sections of Ministerialists have come to light, whilst the evidence of the bye-elections has still further strengthened the universal conviction that the flowing tide, in ever-increasing force and volume, is with the Liberal leader. Nor is this all. "Society," which so long assumed that every follower of Mr. Gladstone must of necessity be a child of darkness, and which accompanied its denunciations of boycotting in Ireland by practising boycotting in Belgravia, has tardily discovered that after all a man may believe in granting the Irish people a reasonable measure of self-government without being of necessity given over to perdition. So even "the classes" have relaxed their bitter and pronounced hostility to the Home Ruler, and—perhaps with an eye to the next General Election and after—have once more consented to smile upon him as a man presumably not less honest or patriotic than his neighbours.

All this Mr. Gladstone has seen during the past six months; and in all this, it may with truth be said, he has had the leading part. For this he laboured during four dark years of unfriendly fortune, and for this end during the present year he has put forth, without stint or grudge, every particle of strength remaining to him. How often since 1876 have we been told—and not by our enemies alone—that Home Rule was dead; that the constituencies were tired of the eternal Irish Question; that if ever the Liberal party was to regain the confidence of the country it must find a new issue on which to fight, a new flag under which to serve? But at the darkest moment Mr. Gladstone never wavered, never lost heart or hope; and, despite the ridicule of a thousand scornful antagonists, persisted in stating and restating, again and again, with ever-increasing clearness and emphasis, the conditions of the great moral and political problem which stands first for solution among the many problems which await the attention of our statesmen. Who now ventures to affirm that Home Rule is dead, or that Mr. Gladstone merely beats the air when discussing the old question of Ireland? Never since Parliament was reformed has a more important or more

significant election taken place than that at Barrow. It taught even the dullest of observers that above and before all other questions still looms that Irish problem—the sphinx whose riddle must be answered before we can go our way in peace. This is the triumph of Mr. Gladstone. It is for this that he has been labouring with untiring devotion during the past four years, and it is this which he has seen accomplished during the six months' residence in London which has just come to an end. That it is the prelude to the more momentous triumph of the ballot-boxes everybody knows and most admit; and that the Liberal leader may be spared to see this triumph also is the prayer of millions of enthusiastic followers, as well as of every generous foe.

MALTA AND THE VATICAN.

SIR LINTORN SIMMONS'S mission to the Pope is a very serious business indeed, and it is natural that Mr. Chamberlain and that pseudo-Liberal henchman of a Tory Government, Mr. T. W. Russell, should trail a red herring across the path of the discussion in the hope of sending the public astray on a wrong scent. Sir George Errington's parleying with the Pope bears as much relation to Sir Lintorn Simmons's accredited mission as Macedon does to Monmouth, because "there is a river in each, and there is salmons in both." Sir Lintorn Simmons had some conversations with the Pope on behalf of the British Government; so had Sir George Errington. There the resemblance begins and ends. Sir George Errington is an amiable Roman Catholic gentleman who asked for and received a letter from Lord Granville to say that the British Government would be glad that so respectable a member for an Irish constituency should unofficially and in a friendly way put the Pope in possession of the true state of affairs in Ireland, and of the views of Her Majesty's Government thereon. Mr. Errington, as he then was, may have magnified his office, and given himself diplomatic airs which led people at the Vatican, to draw inferences which certainly the facts do not justify. This, at least, is the only deduction from a somewhat extraordinary telegram in the *Times* of last Tuesday from its Roman correspondent. "If Sir George Errington," says the correspondent, "was not authorised to prepare the ground for the establishment of diplomatic relations on a permanent footing between England and the Vatican, there are many people in Rome who have been sadly deluded."

Very possibly; but we are confident, nevertheless, that Sir George Errington was not authorised to prepare the ground for anything of the sort. That, however, is a matter of minor importance. If the question turned solely on the expediency or inexpediency of reviving diplomatic relations with the Vatican we should not think it worth while to waste our space in discussing it. Whether Sir George Errington had or had not a diplomatic mission to the Pope is a matter of comparative insignificance. The question we have to face is not the official status of two respectable gentlemen, but the subject-matter of their negotiations. It is absolutely certain that Sir George Errington had no authority to alter by a hair's breadth the legal position of a single subject of Queen Victoria. Sir Lintorn Simmons, on the other hand, was authorised to make a sort of treaty with the Pope, which seriously affects the rights and privileges of a considerable number of British subjects. Sir George Errington, therefore, may be dismissed into space, for his volunteered and unofficial parleyings with the Vatican have no bearing at all on the question in debate. Sir Lintorn Simmons was sent to the Vatican on a Special Mission as Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, and the main object of his mission was to come to an arrangement with the Pope on the subject of marriage in the islands of Malta and Gozo. Here are the Pope's terms, and Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary was authorised to commit the British Government to "a Project of Law" in accordance with them:—

"1. That marriages celebrated in Malta by all those who profess the Catholic religion, whether both contracting parties be Catholics, or whether one of them be a Catholic and the other a non-Catholic, are not and shall not be valid, if they are not celebrated according to the form established by the Council of Trent.

"2. That persons professing any other religion may validly celebrate their marriage without the necessity of going through the form established by the Council of Trent.

"Legislation which Her Britannic Majesty's Government may enact for Malta with the view to regulating the civil effect of marriages celebrated heretofore, or which will in future be celebrated therein, in accordance with these declarations, will not meet with any opposition on the part of the Holy See."

Let the British public understand what this means. It means that for the first time since the Reformation—we may almost say since the ignominious surrender of King John—the Sovereign of these realms has surrendered to the Pope, through her constitutional advisers, the supremacy of the British Crown in Malta. It is no longer the Queen who reigns supreme in Malta in one of the most vital departments of religious and civil life, but the Pope of Rome. It is he who now decides who are validly married and who are not; in other words, who are the legitimate inheritors of privileges and property. All marriages between Roman Catholics and others are now declared not only to be invalid in the future, but to have been invalid in the past. So that all children born of such marriages since Malta became a British possession are bastards, in spite of the sanction of the British Crown. The effect of this sweeping declaration is incalculable. It is impossible to foresee the confusion that may result from it. True, her Majesty's Government has stated in Parliament that the declaration of the Pope against the validity of mixed marriages shall not have a retrospective effect. But of two things one—either the Pope has now no legal power to invalidate mixed marriages for the future, or he has power to invalidate them in the past. The Government's excuse for the whole business is that in annexing Malta we bound ourselves to enforce the Canon Law, which declares all marriages invalid that are not in accordance with the decrees of Trent. "No Act of Parliament," says the *Tablet* in an article on this subject, "could make legal what Canon Law declares to be illegal." If that be true, how can Her Majesty's Government promise that the Pope's declaration shall have no retrospective effect? If the Government can override the decrees of Trent in the past, what is there to prevent its overriding them for the future?

But is it true that we are under any engagement to enforce the Canon Law in Malta? The Government relies on the proclamation issued by the British Commissioner on taking possession of Malta. The only words in that document which bear on the subject are the following:—"He (the King) will protect your churches, your holy religion, your persons, and your property." What has that to do with the Canon Law? Absolutely nothing. In annexing Mohammedan States in India we have guaranteed to

the natives their religious establishments and revenues. Does that mean that we have undertaken to enforce the law of the Koran in those States? The idea is preposterous. By the Canon Law of every Mussulman State the non-Mussulman can never become a citizen, can never bear arms, can never give evidence against a Mussulman, can never marry a Mussulman; with a multitude of other disabilities. Yet if the reasoning of Her Majesty's Government is correct as regards Malta, it is equally valid as regards India.

Nor is this all. If the Canon Law prevails in Malta, it prevails in its integrity. No part of it has been abolished. The Canon Law makes marriage indissoluble without a Papal dispensation. It follows, of course, that the children of divorced persons are bastards in Malta and incapable of inheriting property. Indeed, there is no end to the confusion in which this blundering Government has involved the unfortunate people of Malta, and also other British subjects who have contracted mixed marriages there. The law of mortmain, for example, has been established in Malta since our occupation of the island. But the law of mortmain is a direct invasion of Canon Law, and if Canon Law prevails it is obvious that the law of mortmain is as invalid as mixed marriages. The Pope, it will be observed, graciously allows the validity of marriages when both parties are outside the Roman communion. But the authority which sanctions may also forbid. So that even "non-Catholics" in Malta depend on the Pope's permission for the validity of their marriages. As regards mixed marriages, the Government has not waited for the promised "Project of Law." It has already abrogated the licences hitherto granted to the English clergy and ministers of other denominations to celebrate marriages. There are other disagreeable aspects of the question, such as the imposition on the scanty revenues of Malta of the expenses of Sir Lintorn Simmons's mission. On these we do not dwell at present; for we are anxious to fix the attention of the public on the daring invasion of the prerogative of the Crown—which means the prerogative of the British people—perpetrated by the Government in this Malta business. Tories accuse the Liberal party, forsooth! of aiming at establishing "Rome Rule" in Ireland, and here they are themselves establishing "Rome Rule" in Malta with a vengeance. We claim for our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects perfect equality with ourselves before the law; but we are not prepared to pay for the Persico Mission to Ireland by the abrogation of the supremacy of British law in Malta.

THE EDUCATING POWER OF ALCOHOL.

WHEN a few months ago the Chancellor of the Exchequer told us that the main portion of his surplus was derived from an increase in the taste for rum, he could himself little have dreamed that this would help the technical education of the country, so that the beer-consumer and the dram-drinker actually pay for the instruction of the sober classes of the community. And yet this is come to pass; for on Friday night last the House of Commons agreed that an annual sum amounting to little short of £900,000, derived from the increased tax on beer and spirits, may be devoted to teaching the people of the United Kingdom how to spend their time better than by boozing in the public-house.

One of the singular phenomena of our parliamentary procedure is that matters of grave importance to the State are often disposed of without attracting attention either inside or outside the House. Thus, at the very fag-end of last session, when almost everyone had left town, the Technical Instruction Act became law; and the last few days of this session have seen an even more important measure passed almost without discussion, and with almost no notice from the press. A personal encounter on the same evening between the front benches received far more attention than the passing of a measure which without doubt is one of the most remarkable and far-reaching steps with regard to popular education in England that have been taken since Mr. Forster's Act of 1870. For what does Mr. Arthur Acland's amendment, now accepted by the Government, amount to? It amounts to this—that the County Councils in England are empowered to spend no less a sum than £750,000 per annum—being the whole fraction of the so-called "residue" belonging to England under the Local Taxation Bill—for the purposes of Technical (including Commercial and Agricultural) Education, as authorised by the Act of 1889. The importance of this decision can hardly be overrated, for, as Sir William Harcourt pointed out, the definition of the instruction given under the Act is so widely drawn as to include not only the principles of science and art applicable to industries, but also any other form of instruction, including modern languages and commercial and agricultural subjects, which may be sanctioned by the Department of Science and Art. This goes a long way to cover what may be called intermediate education. No restriction is placed on the County Councils or other local authorities as to the precise manner in which the sums thus accruing to them shall be spent, provided it be in accordance with the provisions of the Technical Education Act; and these provisions are wide enough to enable the Councils to apportion the grant either for building and equipment, or for subsidising existing schools, or for founding new ones. The arguments used by Mr. Acland were strong, and to them the Government wisely yielded. He pointed out that whilst Wales, Scotland, and Ireland each got a large share of the money set free by the dropping of the licensing proposals for educational purposes, England, as the Bill stood, got nothing for this object; whereas if England shared proportionately, she ought to have somewhere about a million sterling. Mr. Goschen not only at once accepted this part of the amendment, but on slight pressure agreed to permit the devotion of not the half but the whole of the residue for the purposes of technical instruction should the County Councils see fit to take this course. This sudden, complete, and sensible conversion of the Chancellor stands in remarkable contrast to the extraordinary position which the Government thought fit to take up on the question of the apportionment of the Scotch part of the grant. And yet it is not difficult to read between the lines. For once we in England are out of the clutches of the denominational struggle about education. The high and dry Church and State party cannot for very shame oppose the application of imperial funds for general technical education, and so we have gained from a Tory Government not only the national recognition of the necessity of a scientific and technical training for our people, but, what is even more to the purpose, the wherewithal to carry that recognition into effect.

Only last year we hailed with satisfaction the bonus of a miserable £15,000 a year to the higher education of our local University Colleges, and this year we have had to be contented with a still more minute grant of £5,000 for technical education. Now, without warning of any kind, we are placed in the position of being permitted to deal for educational purposes with an annual sum exceeding three-

quarters of a million. Of course it is only a permissive power which is granted to County Councils, just as the adoption of the Technical Act is permissive. And this is all we can legitimately ask for. But if the Government can thus act sensibly and generously towards England and Wales—for the Principality has obtained equally satisfactory terms for its Intermediate Education—why are the demands made by the great mass of Scotch members so persistently, or, using Sir William Harcourt's amended phrase, so "contemptuously" refused? The reason is not far to seek. It is that the Government—vainly, we believe—flatter themselves that next year they will pass a Bill for "assisted" elementary education in England, playing this as a trump card to aid their score at the approaching General Election. In their heart of hearts, they have no love for free education; they wish to fix a limit for their English legislation *in petto*—thus far shalt thou go, and no further. So they make Scotland the scapegoat, and by a condition which is as absurd as it is dishonest, tie down the money to be spent in freeing the compulsory standards only, although nine-tenths of them are free already; at the same time "tipping the wink" to the canny Scot that if he wishes to do so, he can put this sum into one pocket for repayment of the rates, whilst out of the other pocket he may take enough to free the higher standards in all his schools. By such tactics does the Government propose to defend its position when, next Session, it may com eto legislate for free education in England!

All those interested in education in this country must now bestir themselves to induce the County Councils to apportion the sums which fall to their share for aiding the technical and commercial education of our people; and here we may notice that this grant can be apportioned, not only by County Councils which have already adopted the Technical Act of 1889, but also by those who have hitherto not seen their way to do so.

We have waited long to see the advice and recommendations of Royal Commission after Royal Commission adopted; let us take care that this opportunity, now that we have secured it, is not lost; for certain it is that such another will scarcely occur in our lifetime. The National Association for the Promotion of Technical and Secondary Education, with Lord Hartington at its head, has already done much, both by ways which are seen and by such as do not meet the public eye, to forward the cause which its members have at heart. It may well be proud of the Parliamentary achievements of its secretary, Mr. Acland; but its most important work has yet to be accomplished, and that is to awaken and stimulate amongst the people such a sense of the vast importance of the bearing of the question on the prosperity, and even on the life, of the nation, that the boon now held out may be cordially welcomed, and widely and wisely applied.

COMPENSATION FOR THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

THE characteristic scene which took place last Tuesday in the House of Lords illustrates not inaptly the time-worn theory that it is by intermeddling in small matters that the Upper Chamber steadily exhausts its slender store of public respect, and hastens the hour of its own effacement. As every one knows, the House of Commons recently yielded to an unmistakable pressure of opinion, and decided to sweep away the gates and bars which still survive in Bloomsbury, to molest the passage and convenience of all travellers to the North. Committees of both Houses unhesitatingly decided against compensating anyone for any supposed injury which such a necessary reform might work. Even the Peers had passed the Bill as it stood; when suddenly, at the eleventh hour, after the third reading had been carried, the representatives of the Liberty and Property Defence League appeared upon the scene, and, apparently determined to lose no opportunity of making the "rights of property" unpopular, succeeded in so far appealing to the prejudices of their audience as to obtain the insertion of a clause sanctioning the principle of compensation. As might be expected, the strongest supporters of this reactionary and pedantic course were Lord Bramwell, Lord Selborne, and Lord Wemyss, but even they were surpassed by the Lord Chancellor in his zeal to champion the privileges of Peers. It is natural enough to find Lord Wemyss and Lord Halsbury, and, in these days, Lord Selborne, taking such a line; but we confess that we are astonished to see Lord Salisbury supporting them, and defending a totally unusual course by talking with something like impertinence about the "integrity of Parliamentary practice." At least it is to be hoped that the Commons will hold to the principle which they have just laid down, and defeat this unreasonable and irritating endeavour to create friction and exasperate public feeling, and to damage a necessary and desired reform.

Some singular outbreaks of unwisdom have manifested themselves of late in this connection on the theme of compensation. We are told that if people buy houses behind bars or gates, and the public authorities subsequently decide to take the bars or gates away, they must go, cap in hand, to the dwellers about and ask them whether it was the existence of the bars or gates which brought them there; and, if so, what they want to be paid when the bars and gates are taken down. The principle apparently is that when anybody finds that, owing to circumstances, the surroundings of his house become less pleasant than he thought they would be, he can call on the public purse to make it up to him. The circumstances may be public or private, local or universal. For the sake of illustration, and to avoid invidiousness, we will call our individual Q. The quiet street Q. lives in may, owing to municipal wants or improvements, become a noisy thoroughfare. The view which Q.'s windows commanded may be spoilt by the raising of an ugly house in front of them. The gardens which attracted Q. to the neighbourhood—there is a case in Chelsea of this kind to-day—may change hands, and be cut up into building lots. The church which Q. frequents, and desires to live close to, may be removed or fall into disuse. The delightful neighbours, whose society Q. came in search of, may decide to live elsewhere. In every case alike Q. suffers, and somebody else, it may be argued, gains. Does it follow in the mouths of these prophets that Q. is to have compensation, and that somebody else must pay?

We are putting no impossible or extravagant case. Of course, if Q. had stipulated with the public for his view, or for the contiguity of his church and his neighbours, he might support a claim upon the public purse. Even then we have a strong conviction that the public would not be so foolish as to entertain it. But in the case of the Bloomsbury gates and bars, there is no such stipulation. The leaseholders in Bloomsbury, it is admitted, would have no claim against the Duke of Bedford, had he swept away their cherished impediments without a word of warning. The case for the leaseholders is given up. The only claim which the advocates of compensation can logically support, is a claim

on the landlord's behalf; and they have rashly committed themselves to the position that, if in a matter of this nature the public convenience demand a change, which cannot be shown to entail upon any one any actual loss, a single landlord may insist on being paid, before he yields to the public convenience, a sum which no one can accurately estimate, but which represents a general toll to the system of land-ownership in London. On that issue the contest is clear, and we owe the Lords thanks for having pointed it out. If the question of the rights of landowners in London, of the relation which their claims bear to those of the public, and of the support which those claims find in the conscience and reason of Londoners, is to be forced into the foreground, we, who are Liberals, shall have no reason to regret it. But it is by upholding privileges of this kind, and by stretching them to an extent which even their owners do not ask, in the fashion followed by Lord Selborne and Lord Wemyss, that the representatives of these rights shatter their position, and with consummate folly hasten the advent of changes which they dread. To the majority in the House of Lords, it appears, the idea of the public convenience as in any way superior to private claims never for a moment occurs. But surely nothing could be more short-sighted than to refuse, as they refuse, to see that the revival of citizenship in London means the enlargement of municipal feeling and of municipal rights, and that those whose interests may conflict with that movement cannot act more unwisely than to take up at the outset of the struggle an attitude which the reason of all moderate men condemns.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE LAND QUESTION.

THE Land Question is made up of many questions, varying according to the circumstances of the hour and the wants of society. What we now call the Land Question is not what was so understood in the youth of men who are still not much over middle life. About thirty or forty years ago the phrase first came into use. It then signified a group of minor economical problems. It meant especially a better system of conveyancing, a cheaper mode of land transfer than that which then existed and, Land Transfer Acts notwithstanding, now exists. When Cobden used the memorable words, "If I were five-and-twenty or thirty, instead of, unhappily, twice that number of years, I would take Adam Smith in hand—I would not go beyond him, I would have no politics in it—I would take Adam Smith in hand, and I would have a league for free land, just as we had a league for free trade in corn," he expressed the extreme demands of land reformers in 1864; and moderate those extreme demands were. Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright deplored the evils of the aggregation of land in the hands of a few owners, and they rightly believed that this had been artificially favoured by a costly system of conveyancing (which made the lawyer's bill, in the case of small properties, disproportionate to the price), by the law of primogeniture, by the power of tying up land for long periods, and by a system of taxation which favoured owners of land at the expense of the rest of the community. Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright drew no sharp distinction between real and personal property. They would have been satisfied had both been treated alike by the Legislature. A great change came to pass in consequence of the writings of Mr. John Stuart Mill. Earlier thinkers had laid stress on the difference between land and other forms of wealth. Patrick Edward Dove, to name a gifted but forgotten writer, had enunciated principles akin to those expounded by Mill, and formulated proposals which remind one of those of Mr. Henry George. "We have no hesitation," he wrote many years ago, "in predicting that all civilised communities must ultimately abolish all revenue restrictions on industry, and draw the whole taxation from the rent of the soil; and this because (as we shall show in a future portion of the subject) the rents of the soil are the common produce of the whole labour of the community." Those early apostles of land reform were voices crying in the wilderness. Few listened; fewer were convinced. Two of the most important economical movements of our time may be traced to Ricardo. Lassalle, the father of modern Socialism, professed to base his teaching on Ricardo's law of wages—"the iron law of wages," as Lassalle called it; Mill deduced his proposals relative to land from Ricardo's law of rent, which traces economic rent to the differences in the inherent qualities of the soils, due to circumstances independent of the labour of the owner. Mill drew practical deductions from this theory. He showed how the landowner profited by the growth of society, and made it an article in the creed of almost every Liberal that land ought to be dealt with by the Legislature on principles different from those governing other property; that the owner ought to be subject to special duties; and that society could not let him do with his own as he liked. The programme of the Land Tenure Association was based on the idea, perfectly sound, that land is limited in quantity, and that its value may depend less on the merits of the owners than on the labours of others. Why do we now hear little of that programme? Why is the "unearned increment" rarely named? Why has Mr. Henry George's *impôt unique*, which was to absorb the unearned increment, failed to enlist lasting converts? Partly because it does not everywhere exist; at all events, it is not of the importance which it appeared to Mill, writing when the rent of land was everywhere rising. The income from lands assessed under Schedule A fell from £66,911,000 in 1875 to £65,093,000 in 1888. The "unearned increment," said Mr. Giffen lately, "is plainly *un peu de chose*." No doubt, what he calls "the revolutionary conditions of the last ten years" have had much to do with turning attention away from the unearned increment. Nor do the gallant efforts of the Land Nationalisation Society make much way. "Nationalisation!" said a speaker at a rural meeting on the subject lately, "that word ought to have six months' imprisonment."

Meantime another question has pressed to the front. While agricultural land has been falling in value, that of urban land has continued to rise. "I once saw a lease of a nobleman's London estate in Elizabeth's reign," writes Professor Rogers in the interesting current number of *Subjects of the Day*. "It was £30 a year. At the present time it is reputed to give an annual rent of a quarter of a million. This growth is entirely the work of other people, of their presence and of their outlay." While the covenants in agricultural leases have become more rational, those in use in towns remain as oppressive as before; while we hear of reduction of rents to farmers, advances have taken place on the Bedford and Westminster estates. The Agricultural Holdings Act and tenacious local customs give some security to the farmer who has spent his capital on his farm; the tradesman who has risked his all in a business rooted in one locality is at the mercy of his landowner. He may be ejected unless he consents to harassing terms, pays a heavy fine, and agrees first to make his house better than he found it, and then to pay a rent based on his own outlay.

Every year the anomalous position of the great ground landowners in large cities becomes more striking. The wonder is that the movement for the enfranchisement of leaseholds did not begin long ago. May it prosper! Who knows but there may come a time when tradesmen not ten minutes' walk from Westminster may enjoy rights akin to those acquired by every Irish peasant?

There are signs that another movement is taking a definite direction. A common mistake of early land reformers, and, for that matter, of modern land reformers, was the assumption that the evils of which they complain could be redressed by one measure. They had a nostrum for diseases needing varied treatment. Closer study, larger experience, shows the fallaciousness of this theory. In the life of every community, every city, almost every village, come, often unexpectedly, occasions when the acquisition of land for public purposes would be beneficial. The formation of a street which will beautify a town, and make it more healthy, the opening of a public park, the carrying out of public improvements, without saddling ratepayers not merely with the compensation of the expropriated owners, but also of a parasitical growth of collateral interests—all these and many other undertakings would be more practicable than they are if it were not necessary to obtain special powers from Parliament for the acquisition of land for such purposes. Why should not such communities possess an inherent power on payment of fair compensation to acquire land? Why, as Mr. R. T. Reid lately suggested in a resolution which he proposed in the House of Commons, should not town and county councils be free to obtain by agreement, or compulsorily on fair terms, land which they deem needed for all public objects? In the United States we hear much of "the right of eminent domain": that is, to cite Judge Cooley, "the lawful authority which exists in every sovereignty to control and regulate those rights of a public nature which pertain to its subjects in common, and to appropriate and control individual property for the public benefit, as the public safety, necessity, convenience, or welfare, may demand." In most countries this general right is recognised; and in America it is indisputable that this authority may be exercised not merely by the State directly, but by cities and other corporate bodies, as its delegate. True, legislative permission is required before this right is put in force; we are not citing American practices as precise precedents for the demands now taking shape in many minds. But only let the right of "eminent domain" be fully recognised here, and what can be said against town or county councils urging this plea—"We ought to be masters at home; we ought to be free to say what local purposes are public, and to be able to obtain on payment of a fair price the land required to give them effect"? In the reports and evidence of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes are the germs of a new and far extending development of the Land Question.

A SIN AND A SHAME.

THE following statement, from the pen of an Irishman of high legal position and established reputation, places certain facts before the world which will appear to most persons—perhaps even to Mr. Balfour himself—to demand investigation and explanation, if explanation be possible. They show also how "Ireland is governed on exactly the same lines as England":—

On one of the closing days of last week, Mr. Flynn, M.P., asked a question of the Irish Attorney-General upon the subject of the recent jury-packing at the last Cork Assizes. The Attorney-General put the matter by in the lightest possible tone, but we think the facts are a capital instance of the atrocious practice which has been carried to such perfection by the present Administration. The city of Cork has a population of some eighty thousand, of whom nine-tenths are Roman Catholics, and its wealthier traders very largely belong to the ancient faith. The city has through all the recent troubles in Ireland been as quiet as Bath or Norfolk. A few small larcenies and assaults represent its annual return of crime, and the people have passed through very bad times with admirable patience and resignation. And yet in this quiet city of hard-working traders, the cherished religion of the people has in recent years been subjected to the grossest of all insults—a declaration by the Crown officials at assizes after assizes that the Roman Catholics of Cork are men unfit to fulfil the duties of a juror, men who have no respect for the sanctity of an oath.

The summer assizes which have just concluded in Cork furnish a very striking instance of the application of this rule. They were dull and uneventful. No case, save one, tried there created the slightest real interest in the city or out of it. And yet the law of "Papists, stand aside!" was applied in its full rigour. One of the cases tried was that of a man named Kelly for the murder of his sister. It was originally tried in the county of Cork, where the jury disagreed, and it was then removed to the city. The case was one without the slightest connection with politics or agrarianism. The prisoner, a country carpenter, was charged with having beaten his sister to death. Popular sympathy in the remote locality where the crime occurred was mainly against the prisoner, as was shown by the fact that about a dozen persons of the humblest class of life voluntarily came forward to give evidence against him. Outside the locality the case created no interest whatever. The original jury who tried it were, it was said, divided into men who thought there should be a verdict of murder, others who thought there should be a verdict of manslaughter, others who did not think either crime proved. Kelly was last week put forward to stand his second trial, and then commenced the scene so common in an Irish courthouse, so astounding to an English spectator. Name after name was called by the Clerk of Arraigns. In answer to his call a respectable man advances to the jury-box, and takes the Testament in his right hand. "Stand Aside!" rings out the challenge from the Solicitor for the Crown. And, flushing scarlet at the insult, the victim throws down the book and turns away. In all, upon this trial thirty-two Catholics were ordered to stand aside. They included some of the most respectable men in the city. One of them was a Mr. Dunne. Mr. Dunne was recommended for High Sheriff by the Corporation, and for the year 1886 appointed High Sheriff by the then Conservative viceroy, Lord Carnarvon. He performed all the duties of this most important office, selected the grand juries at the three assizes of the year, executed all civil processes in his bailiwick, attended the judges with all due and usual ceremonial, provided their escort, preserved by his personal attendance and his bailiffs due order in their courts. It was never pretended that this gentleman in any way failed in the due performance of all his functions as sheriff. And yet, although Mr. Dunne was considered fit by the Government to be the first officer of the Crown in his own city, when he was called to the jury-box in this wretched case of William

Kelly's, he was at once commanded by the Crown to stand aside. Another Catholic gentleman to whom this insult was offered was Mr. Flinn. Mr. Dunne has taken some part in politics as a moderate Nationalist, but Mr. Flinn's sole offence was being a Catholic. His position in trade and in the city may be indicated by the fact that he is the Chairman of the Cork Harbour Commissioners, the most important board in the city in that it has control of the famous River and Port of Cork, and, it may be added, a body which has the local reputation of being "exclusive" and "aristocratic." In order to show that the jury of farmers who disagreed in this case did not act in any very extraordinary manner, it may be added that the carefully packed jury could only see their way to a verdict of manslaughter accompanied by a strenuous recommendation to mercy. In another case a country lad named Connorrel had by a half-accidental blow of a stick killed his companion. Again a great number of Catholics were ordered to stand aside, and a jury obtained of eleven Protestants, and one Catholic gentleman, who, it was said, got in because there was some mistake about his name. We have said already that there was one case at the assizes that did cause some interest. This was a charge made against one Timson Rye (landlord, Deputy-Lieutenant, Justice of the Peace, and sometime captain in the Guards), of having shot a peasant who was trespassing on his ground. The issue was whether he deliberately shot the man or whether he was merely guilty of a common assault in having negligently fired at a dog while the man was in the line of fire. Six Catholics were challenged by the prisoner, which exhausted his challenges, and the Crown then took up the running, and ordered three Catholics to "stand aside." A jury mainly of one complexion was thus secured. There was upon it one gentleman whom the Crown, to the astonishment of the city, permitted to serve. This was Mr. J. S. Collins, a county magistrate. When Captain Rye was sent for trial, Mr. Collins wrote a letter to the papers in the course of which he said:—"Without discussing the amount of the credit to be given to the evidence of Mr. Corcoran, who signed two statements diametrically opposite to each other, and the inherent improbability that Captain Rye, at his time of life, and with his experience as a magistrate, should have wilfully and maliciously fired at a man for hunting his rabbits—a species of annoyance to which he must be pretty well accustomed—I think the two local magistrates, if they had had the good fortune to have been unassisted by the wisdom of the R. M.'s, would have arrived at a conclusion more in accordance with common sense." With a jury adorned by the presence of this gentleman, it is hardly necessary to say that the accused was convicted of a common assault only.

In a word, some half-dozen gentlemen excepted, the Catholic community of Cork has again been subjected to a very gross and outrageous insult. Whatever way the matter is looked at, it makes strongly for Home Rule. The Government may have either of two explanations of jury-packing. It may be that, although the Catholics of Cork do their duty in the witness-box, the Castle is so saturated with the Orange tradition that it cannot resist the temptation of insulting the religion preferred by four Irishmen out of five. Or it may be that so fierce is the hate which the Catholics of Cork cherish against the Government under which they live that they could not be trusted to do justice between the Crown and a mechanic charged with killing his own sister. In either case the Government of Ireland is judged and condemned. We cannot imagine how better service could be done by Liberals to their party than by taking care that this latest and most flagrant instance of jury-packing is properly ventilated and discussed. We trust that the mistake will not be made of charging what has happened against underlings such as Crown Prosecutors and Crown Solicitors. Every prosecution in Ireland is conducted under the personal control and direction of the Attorney-General. "Rebels at Cork are patriots at Madrid." Mr. Attorney-General Madden is a mild-spoken and Constitutional Conservative at Westminster and a rabid Orangeman at Cork. He ought to have the courage of his convictions and to bring in a Bill to excuse Cork Roman Catholics from being on juries. It is hard on business men to have to attend daily in Court during a long assize, in order that whenever called to the Book they may be commanded to "Stand aside!"

SCOTLAND AND THE GOVERNMENT.

The crowning folly of the Government this session has after all been its treatment of Scotland. The fate of Unionism depends very largely on the Scotch vote at the next election. The normal number of Tory seats is ten: but the Government even now counts twenty-seven nominal supporters among the seventy-two Scotch members. If it can maintain or if it can better its position in Scotland at the next election it will probably win all along the line; if it reverts to or falls below its normal strength, the victory of the Liberal party will probably be secure. Every consideration of electioneering, to say nothing of statesmanship, would point to a steady cultivation of the Scotch vote as the primary duty of the Unionist party at the present time. Now Scotland has asked very little from the Government this session. There are only three points on which public opinion has been strongly pronounced. One is Free Education. Another is the systematic and apparently invincible neglect of Scotch business in the House of Commons. And a third is Scotch Home Rule—by which is meant neither a separate Parliament nor a separate executive, but the practical control of Scotch affairs by the Scotch representatives. On all of these points the Government has this session wantonly or negligently offended a national sentiment—the existence of which it cannot pretend to ignore.

The refusal of Free Education was either wholly wanton or, what is worse, it was dictated by the sectarian interests of the clerical party in England. The half-and-half system had in one year proved intolerable. It was exasperating the parents, it was denuding the schools of their most promising pupils, it was driving the school-boards to distraction, and it was filling the schoolmasters with well-founded apprehension for the safety of their salaries. After the partial abolition of fees the means had to be found somehow for relieving the other standards, and either the ratepayer or the schoolmaster would have to suffer. In this complication the money set free by Mr. Goschen's financial miscarriage appeared to the Scotch people a veritable God-send. There was really but one opinion in Scotland—that the money must go to the abolition of fees in the elementary schools. Grave questions as to the teaching of religion had been waived by common consent in 1889, in order that the free system might have a start. No such question was even mooted when, in 1890, came the chance of completing the system which had been started in 1889. The overwhelming majorities of Scotch members in the House of Commons only faintly reflected the virtual unanimity of the country. The Scotch Tory members strained their allegiance to

Every year the anomalous position of the great ground landowners in large cities becomes more striking. The wonder is that the movement for the enfranchisement of leaseholds did not begin long ago. May it prosper! Who knows but there may come a time when tradesmen not ten minutes' walk from Westminster may enjoy rights akin to those acquired by every Irish peasant?

There are signs that another movement is taking a definite direction. A common mistake of early land reformers, and, for that matter, of modern land reformers, was the assumption that the evils of which they complain could be redressed by one measure. They had a nostrum for diseases needing varied treatment. Closer study, larger experience, shows the fallaciousness of this theory. In the life of every community, every city, almost every village, come, often unexpectedly, occasions when the acquisition of land for public purposes would be beneficial. The formation of a street which will beautify a town, and make it more healthy, the opening of a public park, the carrying out of public improvements, without saddling ratepayers not merely with the compensation of the expropriated owners, but also of a parasitical growth of collateral interests—all these and many other undertakings would be more practicable than they are if it were not necessary to obtain special powers from Parliament for the acquisition of land for such purposes. Why should not such communities possess an inherent power on payment of fair compensation to acquire land? Why, as Mr. R. T. Reid lately suggested in a resolution which he proposed in the House of Commons, should not town and county councils be free to obtain by agreement, or compulsorily on fair terms, land which they deem needed for all public objects? In the United States we hear much of "the right of eminent domain": that is, to cite Judge Cooley, "the lawful authority which exists in every sovereignty to control and regulate those rights of a public nature which pertain to its subjects in common, and to appropriate and control individual property for the public benefit, as the public safety, necessity, convenience, or welfare, may demand." In most countries this general right is recognised; and in America it is indisputable that this authority may be exercised not merely by the State directly, but by cities and other corporate bodies, as its delegate. True, legislative permission is required before this right is put in force; we are not citing American practices as precise precedents for the demands now taking shape in many minds. But only let the right of "eminent domain" be fully recognised here, and what can be said against town or county councils urging this plea—"We ought to be masters at home; we ought to be free to say what local purposes are public, and to be able to obtain on payment of a fair price the land required to give them effect"? In the reports and evidence of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes are the germs of a new and far extending development of the Land Question.

A SIN AND A SHAME.

THE following statement, from the pen of an Irishman of high legal position and established reputation, places certain facts before the world which will appear to most persons—perhaps even to Mr. Balfour himself—to demand investigation and explanation, if explanation be possible. They show also how "Ireland is governed on exactly the same lines as England":—

On one of the closing days of last week, Mr. Flynn, M.P., asked a question of the Irish Attorney-General upon the subject of the recent jury-packing at the last Cork Assizes. The Attorney-General put the matter by in the lightest possible tone, but we think the facts are a capital instance of the atrocious practice which has been carried to such perfection by the present Administration. The city of Cork has a population of some eighty thousand, of whom nine-tenths are Roman Catholics, and its wealthier traders very largely belong to the ancient faith. The city has through all the recent troubles in Ireland been as quiet as Bath or Norfolk. A few small larcenies and assaults represent its annual return of crime, and the people have passed through very bad times with admirable patience and resignation. And yet in this quiet city of hard-working traders, the cherished religion of the people has in recent years been subjected to the grossest of all insults—a declaration by the Crown officials at assizes after assizes that the Roman Catholics of Cork are men unfit to fulfil the duties of a juror, men who have no respect for the sanctity of an oath.

The summer assizes which have just concluded in Cork furnish a very striking instance of the application of this rule. They were dull and uneventful. No case, save one, tried there created the slightest real interest in the city or out of it. And yet the law of "Papists, stand aside!" was applied in its full rigour. One of the cases tried was that of a man named Kelly for the murder of his sister. It was originally tried in the county of Cork, where the jury disagreed, and it was then removed to the city. The case was one without the slightest connection with politics or agrarianism. The prisoner, a country carpenter, was charged with having beaten his sister to death. Popular sympathy in the remote locality where the crime occurred was mainly against the prisoner, as was shown by the fact that about a dozen persons of the humblest class of life voluntarily came forward to give evidence against him. Outside the locality the case created no interest whatever. The original jury who tried it were, it was said, divided into men who thought there should be a verdict of murder, others who thought there should be a verdict of manslaughter, others who did not think either crime proved. Kelly was last week put forward to stand his second trial, and then commenced the scene so common in an Irish courthouse, so astounding to an English spectator. Name after name was called by the Clerk of Arraigns. In answer to his call a respectable man advances to the jury-box, and takes the Testament in his right hand. "Stand Aside!" rings out the challenge from the Solicitor for the Crown. And, flushing scarlet at the insult, the victim throws down the book and turns away. In all, upon this trial thirty-two Catholics were ordered to stand aside. They included some of the most respectable men in the city. One of them was a Mr. Dunne. Mr. Dunne was recommended for High Sheriff by the Corporation, and for the year 1886 appointed High Sheriff by the then Conservative viceroy, Lord Carnarvon. He performed all the duties of this most important office, selected the grand juries at the three assizes of the year, executed all civil processes in his bailiwick, attended the judges with all due and usual ceremonial, provided their escort, preserved by his personal attendance and his bailiffs due order in their courts. It was never pretended that this gentleman in any way failed in the due performance of all his functions as sheriff. And yet, although Mr. Dunne was considered fit by the Government to be the first officer of the Crown in his own city, when he was called to the jury-box in this wretched case of William

Kelly's, he was at once commanded by the Crown to stand aside. Another Catholic gentleman to whom this insult was offered was Mr. Flinn. Mr. Dunne has taken some part in politics as a moderate Nationalist, but Mr. Flinn's sole offence was being a Catholic. His position in trade and in the city may be indicated by the fact that he is the Chairman of the Cork Harbour Commissioners, the most important board in the city in that it has control of the famous River and Port of Cork, and, it may be added, a body which has the local reputation of being "exclusive" and "aristocratic." In order to show that the jury of farmers who disagreed in this case did not act in any very extraordinary manner, it may be added that the carefully packed jury could only see their way to a verdict of manslaughter accompanied by a strenuous recommendation to mercy. In another case a country lad named Connorrel had by a half-accidental blow of a stick killed his companion. Again a great number of Catholics were ordered to stand aside, and a jury obtained of eleven Protestants, and one Catholic gentleman, who, it was said, got in because there was some mistake about his name. We have said already that there was one case at the assizes that did cause some interest. This was a charge made against one Timson Rye (landlord, Deputy-Lieutenant, Justice of the Peace, and sometime captain in the Guards), of having shot a peasant who was trespassing on his ground. The issue was whether he deliberately shot the man or whether he was merely guilty of a common assault in having negligently fired at a dog while the man was in the line of fire. Six Catholics were challenged by the prisoner, which exhausted his challenges, and the Crown then took up the running, and ordered three Catholics to "stand aside." A jury mainly of one complexion was thus secured. There was upon it one gentleman whom the Crown, to the astonishment of the city, permitted to serve. This was Mr. J. S. Collins, a county magistrate. When Captain Rye was sent for trial, Mr. Collins wrote a letter to the papers in the course of which he said:—"Without discussing the amount of the credit to be given to the evidence of Mr. Corcoran, who signed two statements diametrically opposite to each other, and the inherent improbability that Captain Rye, at his time of life, and with his experience as a magistrate, should have wilfully and maliciously fired at a man for hunting his rabbits—a species of annoyance to which he must be pretty well accustomed—I think the two local magistrates, if they had had the good fortune to have been unassisted by the wisdom of the R. M.'s, would have arrived at a conclusion more in accordance with common sense." With a jury adorned by the presence of this gentleman, it is hardly necessary to say that the accused was convicted of a common assault only.

In a word, some half-dozen gentlemen excepted, the Catholic community of Cork has again been subjected to a very gross and outrageous insult. Whatever way the matter is looked at, it makes strongly for Home Rule. The Government may have either of two explanations of jury-packing. It may be that, although the Catholics of Cork do their duty in the witness-box, the Castle is so saturated with the Orange tradition that it cannot resist the temptation of insulting the religion preferred by four Irishmen out of five. Or it may be that so fierce is the hate which the Catholics of Cork cherish against the Government under which they live that they could not be trusted to do justice between the Crown and a mechanic charged with killing his own sister. In either case the Government of Ireland is judged and condemned. We cannot imagine how better service could be done by Liberals to their party than by taking care that this latest and most flagrant instance of jury-packing is properly ventilated and discussed. We trust that the mistake will not be made of charging what has happened against underlings such as Crown Prosecutors and Crown Solicitors. Every prosecution in Ireland is conducted under the personal control and direction of the Attorney-General. "Rebels at Cork are patriots at Madrid." Mr. Attorney-General Madden is a mild-spoken and Constitutional Conservative at Westminster and a rabid Orangeman at Cork. He ought to have the courage of his convictions and to bring in a Bill to excuse Cork Roman Catholics from being on juries. It is hard on business men to have to attend daily in Court during a long assize, in order that whenever called to the Book they may be commanded to "Stand aside!"

SCOTLAND AND THE GOVERNMENT.

The crowning folly of the Government this session has after all been its treatment of Scotland. The fate of Unionism depends very largely on the Scotch vote at the next election. The normal number of Tory seats is ten: but the Government even now counts twenty-seven nominal supporters among the seventy-two Scotch members. If it can maintain or if it can better its position in Scotland at the next election it will probably win all along the line; if it reverts to or falls below its normal strength, the victory of the Liberal party will probably be secure. Every consideration of electioneering, to say nothing of statesmanship, would point to a steady cultivation of the Scotch vote as the primary duty of the Unionist party at the present time. Now Scotland has asked very little from the Government this session. There are only three points on which public opinion has been strongly pronounced. One is Free Education. Another is the systematic and apparently invincible neglect of Scotch business in the House of Commons. And a third is Scotch Home Rule—by which is meant neither a separate Parliament nor a separate executive, but the practical control of Scotch affairs by the Scotch representatives. On all of these points the Government has this session wantonly or negligently offended a national sentiment—the existence of which it cannot pretend to ignore.

The refusal of Free Education was either wholly wanton or, what is worse, it was dictated by the sectarian interests of the clerical party in England. The half-and-half system had in one year proved intolerable. It was exasperating the parents, it was denuding the schools of their most promising pupils, it was driving the school-boards to distraction, and it was filling the schoolmasters with well-founded apprehension for the safety of their salaries. After the partial abolition of fees the means had to be found somehow for relieving the other standards, and either the ratepayer or the schoolmaster would have to suffer. In this complication the money set free by Mr. Goschen's financial miscarriage appeared to the Scotch people a veritable God-send. There was really but one opinion in Scotland—that the money must go to the abolition of fees in the elementary schools. Grave questions as to the teaching of religion had been waived by common consent in 1889, in order that the free system might have a start. No such question was even mooted when, in 1890, came the chance of completing the system which had been started in 1889. The overwhelming majorities of Scotch members in the House of Commons only faintly reflected the virtual unanimity of the country. The Scotch Tory members strained their allegiance to

their party last year when they helped to force the beginnings of Free Education on the Government, and they are not to be greatly blamed if they, reluctantly, no doubt, this year stood by their party. The blame rests wholly with the Government. Mr. Goschen refused to apply the Scotch share of his *caduca* as the Scotch members desired it should be applied; and he forced upon his insufficient contribution an ear-mark which even his astute Lord Advocate was unable to explain. Days were wasted over the draftsman's jargon which somehow or other implied that only the "compulsory standards" were to be set free. No such limitation was placed upon the grant last year, and the only conclusion possible is that it was inserted as a pledge to the English obscurantists who have the ear of the Prime Minister. The Scotch members are a patient race. It was Sir William Harcourt who denounced the "unexampled insolence" of the Government in refusing without answer or explanation the last appeal made by Mr. Campbell-Bannerman on behalf of the Scotch members that their own money should be applied in their own way.

With the exception of the Police Bill, there has been no other Scotch business worth mentioning before the House. The Police Bill is a purely Anglican conception, born of English necessities and framed on English lines. The local authorities have doubtless been tempted by the opportunity of handling imperial money, but even they have received it coldly. The remnant of the Scotch members left in town have in much the same spirit and for much the same reasons permitted the Bill to pass. It is only by an accident that the Bill has not created 4,000 freehold offices, for the Lord Advocate declared that it was intended to give the constables a vested interest in their places, and the majority of the Select Committee placidly accepted his decision. It was all a mistake, however, chargeable to the fact that the Bill was an English Bill hastily adapted to Scotch conditions before the Minister in charge had time to ascertain the meaning of its ill-drawn and ambiguous provisions. By another unfortunate mistake the opportunity for reconsideration which Mr. Smith conditionally promised was forfeited. A Bill which nobody asked for, which nobody heartily approves, and which the working classes have uniformly condemned, has been hustled through its various stages after the majority of Scotch members had gone home for the holidays. The Scotch estimates were taken on Wednesday under the same irritating conditions. That is almost the whole story of the Session, and it faithfully repeats the experience of previous Sessions. Scotland, as usual, has been denied the things she demanded, and forced to accept the things she did not want; and, as usual, has had the mortification of seeing her national business postponed to the very fag-end of the Session, when effective discussion becomes impossible.

The progress of the Police Bill was distinguished by one remarkable incident. By the narrow majority of eight the Government succeeded in defeating a motion to refer the Bill to a committee consisting of all the Scotch members. Had this proposal been carried, it would have established the kind of rational Home Rule which would probably satisfy the majority of the Scotch people. It would have formally recognised the principle that before dealing finally with any measure affecting Scotland, the House should ascertain the legislative will of Scotland's representatives. Only one step more would have been required—viz., to place this Scotch Committee of the House of Commons on a statutory basis. There is a good precedent for this suggestion in the Statutory Committee of the House of Lords, to which has been entrusted the authority of that House as a Supreme Court of Appeal. That all purely Scotch business—including the estimates—should pass through such a Committee before coming under final review by the House, is a form of Home Rule which has long commended itself to Scottish Liberals. The Unionists have really nothing to urge against it, except that it would be an awkward precedent for Ireland. In point of fact they have conceded one-half of the principle already. Three Committees on Scotch affairs have been appointed this Session, and in all of them the essential element of nationality was recognised. The Police Bill Committee itself was exclusively Scotch—the only English member being himself a Scotchman. But in this and in the other Committees the representation of Scotland was reversed. The Liberal majority became a minority, and the Tory minority became a majority. A Select Committee so constituted represents neither the House of Commons nor the Scotch members, and the usual grounds for treating its decisions with respect entirely fail. In this case, also, the deliberate demands—one might truly say, the admitted rights—of Scotland have been sacrificed to political exigencies with which she has no concern. Four years of Unionist Administration have taught us that the penalty we have to pay for our partial defection from Liberalism is the abandonment of self-government for ourselves. A Unionist Government means a Scotch Executive hostile to the Scotch section of the Legislature. On the other hand, the events of this Session have made clear to the Scotch people a truth which they have hitherto only dimly apprehended. A Liberal majority in the House of Commons in future means Home Rule for Scotland, and that without any constitutional disturbance whatever. A Liberal majority in the House of Commons will give us a Scotch Executive in harmony with the Scotch membership, and it will, there is little doubt, establish the Scotch members as a Standing Committee for all Scotch affairs. From this point of view Scotch Liberals have no reason to be dissatisfied with the results of the Session. But the course which the Government has chosen to take remains inexplicable, and one is driven to the conjecture that Her Majesty's Ministers have resolved to stimulate the demand for Scotch Home Rule in its extreme form, in the desperate hope of profiting by the difficulties to which it might be expected to give rise. EDMUND ROBERTSON.

A PROFESSOR ON LECTURES.

THE editor of the *New Review* must be congratulated on a capital stroke of business. He has given to his periodical something very like the promptitude of a daily newspaper. For the lecture which Professor Max Müller delivered at Oxford on August 1st appears in the *New Review* for the present month. It is not only this feat of publication which makes the lecture conspicuous. Both the matter and the manner are peculiarly happy. Professor Max Müller set himself to vindicate the system of the Oxford University Extension Lectures against a great deal of hostile criticism, and he has performed his task with admirable spirit and distinct success. He does not lay undue stress on the fact that these lectures have grown in five years from 27 courses to 148, or that the number of students in round numbers now reaches the respectable total of 18,000. It might be said that this merely illustrates the popularity of a system which makes no call on the intellect and lays no burden on the memory. Nothing is easier than to imagine that you are learning by listening, when what is said passes in at one ear and out at the other. Professor Max Müller is familiar with auditors who are liable to this experience, but he

does not find them amongst his students. They figure at the Royal Institution, where a lecture is not followed by an examination; and they display the entertaining and invincible ignorance of the man who, after Professor Max Müller had spent an hour in showing that Hebrew was not the mother tongue of the world, thanked him for having proved that this was the language of Adam and Eve. Goodness knows how many nurseries and dinner-tables have been misled since by this highly respectable obtuseness, or how many circles of fashion have deferred to the authority of the dowager who hinted to Faraday her disbelief in his statement that water consists of hydrogen and oxygen. There is a kind of incredulity against which science and the arts of exposition hurl themselves in vain. The present writer can never forget a lecture on Dante which he heard in an American city. The audience consisted chiefly of ladies, who followed the lecturer with breathless interest, and took copious notes. But when he told them that in Dante's Paradise the virgin saint was more honoured than the married saint, they put down their pencils with a frown, and refused to make a memorandum of anything so obnoxiously improbable.

But the University Extension Lectures are not attended simply by recruiting-sergeants for the topics of small talk, nor by people like Dorothea Brooke's father, who "went into that sort of thing a great deal once, but fortunately pulled up in time." Professor Max Müller's great point is that for the intelligent student the spoken word must have influences which the written word, however powerful, can never possess. The lecturer who knows his business will enter into all the difficulties of his pupils. He will recall the struggles through which he passed from doubt to conviction, from imperfect knowledge to a mastery of his resources. He adapts his arguments to his listeners; he sees what is luminous to them and what is not, and varies his illustrations so as to leave no misunderstanding. He recommends the books which should be read, and thus he is an ally of the writer, not an obstacle to private study. But, above all, his personal sympathy with the students is a guiding force, which is naturally peculiar in its degree to oral tuition. It is often the magic rod which strikes the unwilling rock, and brings forth the water which sustains the thirsty inquirer. Our professor is hard on metaphors, but we trust he will not object to this one, although its origin is unscientific. However, the lecturer's responsibility does not end with his discourse. After an hour of exposition, he spends another hour in answering questions and giving advice for private reading. Then he has to examine the essays of his pupils; and at the end of the course of lectures, independent examiners put the pupils through their facings, "and only those who have satisfied both the examiners and the lecturers have a right to receive a certificate." This sort of probation surely does not err on the side of leniency. With justice Professor Max Müller claims it as a test both of the oral instruction and of the student's reading, and he fairly asks whether, if books alone were sufficient to attain these satisfactory results, "our lecturers would have been so thoroughly appreciated in the various provincial centres as they evidently have been hitherto."

It is plain that the lecture which is a genuine stimulus to solid acquirement and not to mere smattering, is much more practical than the ordinary sermon. There are few preachers who would care to see their congregations undergo an examination in the matters which are expounded Sunday after Sunday. Considering that the gift of preaching is extremely rare, it is strange that our pulpit orators have not been selected like the University lecturers, and that society has been left to the untutored loquacity of a great number of excellent men, who often defeat, by the misfortunes of their tongues, the admirable purpose of their lives. A system which puts into the pulpit a man who is listened to for the sake of convention and not of conviction is surely in need of amendment. It threatens to approximate morally to the fatal exertions of Sydney Smith's "wild curates." The habit of sitting through sermons which convey no idea whatever, except that the parson is below the average of intelligence, clogs the intellect and soddens the moral sense. It would be judicious in the interests of religion to organise a corps of preachers who would take circuits like the judges. True, they would have to face the difficulty which, as Professor Max Müller says, is at the root of all teaching. We are not sufficiently careful to define our words. "When theologians are for ever disputing about inspiration, how much bad blood and bad language might be saved if some bishop or archbishop would give us an accurate definition of inspiration, so that we might know once for all what is comprehended by the name, and what is not." But surely this is not so simple as it seems, for by defining what you believe a word to mean, you do not force an opponent to construe it in the same sense. Politicians, like theologians, continue to wrangle, even when they have exhausted the resources of definition. In the simplicity of his heart, Professor Max Müller affirms that if some one would define "what is meant and what is not meant by Home Rule, nothing would be more useful for shortening sessions of Parliament." Alas, there are some things which transcend even a University lecturer's power of exposition! The most lucid explanation of Home Rule, so far from shortening a session, is likely to prolong it, because the dowagers who refuse to believe that water is made of hydrogen and oxygen, will not be convinced that Home Rule is not Rome Rule, or something else equally absurd or irrelevant.

THE EDUCATION OF THE BLIND.

WE seem at length to have got to some understanding of the position and requirements of our considerable blind population. We have been miserably slow in doing so. There is not a country in the world except England, in which provision is not made by the State for the education of the blind. In England, classes have been established in the Board-schools of some half-dozen leading towns; and that is the sum total of the educational assistance which the State has given to its thousands of sightless young. There are about 30,000 totally blind persons in Great Britain, and there are probably 100,000 who cannot see sufficiently to be taught in an ordinary school. The great majority of the blind live the saddest and most useless lives imaginable; yet there is no necessary truth in the adage "as helpless as a blind man." There is an education for the blind as well as for the seeing, and wonderful are the results which may be, and which have been, obtained from it. But here in England we have not made this discovery for ourselves. For want of a little knowledge, which we might so easily have acquired; for want of a little energy, patience, and perseverance (qualities on which we pride ourselves), we have wasted, starved, or deliberately suppressed the latent powers of all these blind or half-blind fellow-subjects; and, while leaving them in want and in gloom, have almost compelled them to the wretchedest and most distressing form of idleness. By far the larger number of our blind are paupers, or all but paupers. We have suffered thousands of them to go struggling over the country, tied to a mangy dog, or grinding a hurdy-gurdy; or to sit at street-corners with placards round their necks, endlessly pawing and droning from unwieldy bibles; or to creep painfully in the homes of parents or friends not always willing and seldom able to support them; or to sit desolate and dark in the corners of our workhouses. But nearly all of these luckless and afflicted creatures have it in them to be active and cheerful members of the community, and to live by

bread of their own winning. This has been proved, but we have not proved it for ourselves. We left it to a blind American to show us, in our own country, what could be done for our blind. Dr. Francis J. Campbell, an American by birth, and the principal of the Royal Normal College for the Blind, in Upper Norwood, seems almost to have perfected an ideal method of his own for the intellectual and mechanical training of the sightless. But we shall return to him and his system.

The most welcome general point to be noted is that the State itself has at last shown some consciousness of its duties on this subject. That it *has* duties and responsibilities towards the blind is a proposition which scarcely admits of denial. Is it right that compulsory education should leave the blind out of account, who are dependent on education more, far more, than any other persons? Without education, and technical and mechanical training, the blind man is fit only for the companionship of his mangy dog or his barrel-organ. But the blind are as capable as the rest of us of receiving education, and with it they can make their way in the world. The education of the blind is, most literally, their stock-in-trade. We have shown that few of them have the means to educate themselves—shall we leave them to their terrier dogs, or to pine and rot in the workhouses, a burden on the rates? or shall we do what is done by every other civilised State in the world—make their education their country's care?

Well, there has been a Royal Commission, and now there is a Bill before Parliament. These are both things to be thankful for, if only in a moderate degree. The Royal Commission was prevented from doing its work as quickly and as effectively as it might have been done; and the Bill before Parliament is a very inefficient piece of work; but the friends of the blind have for so long a time striven ineffectually to bring their cause before country and Government, that smaller successes than these would have been gratifying to them.

It was at first intended that the Royal Commission should deal solely with the question of the education of the blind; and had this intention been adhered to—instead of enlarging the Commission, and extending its instructions to include an inquiry into the condition of idiots and the deaf and dumb—the task which has been very imperfectly achieved in four years would have been properly accomplished in six months. Nevertheless, some points of importance were carried. Without absolutely recommending free education for the blind, the Commissioners dwelt strongly upon the need that the State should provide for the training of those who cannot provide for it themselves. At present scarcely one-third of the young blind are receiving any education whatever. Three-fourths of our blind, old and young, are absolutely dependent upon charity. A few of the young contrive to be pushed into a blind school of some sort, but in most of these schools the system, or systems, of education are worth very little. Those for whom no schooling of any kind is found had better be dead than alive, inasmuch as the existence of the uninstructed blind is a mere living death. Then there are those who lose their sight in youth, or at a still later period, who need quite another kind of training. These can do nothing unless they are taught some handicraft. How many institutions have we in which a person who loses his sight after the age of twenty can be taught a handicraft? It is necessary in the first place to understand that blindness need prevent no one from earning all that is necessary to support life in comfort, and in the second place that there is only one institution in the country (and that a private one) in which what is requisite to this end is provided. The little work that is done for the blind in a few Board-schools is not to be despised, but this is not the way to set about a very large and very difficult task. The blind must be taught in schools of their own, and in schools very different from most of those to be found on this side of the Atlantic. Such schools, to whatever extent they may be supported by the State, must be under the State's inspection. To teach the blind to be self-supporting is the first thing; the second is to put them in the way of procuring the means of support. The one can be done, and the other.

Let us return for a moment to the Royal Normal College, where patient science triumphs over the defects of nature in a manner that is little less than marvellous. The basis of Dr. Campbell's system is a sound physical training. The vitality of the blind is below the average vitality of seeing persons, and it is the lack of physical power that leads to indolence, timidity, and discouragement. It is this defect that Dr. Campbell first sets himself to remedy; he does it step by step, in the gymnasium, in the playground, in the swimming-bath; and in weeks or months he has made a little athlete of the child who was at first so timid and so helpless that it dare not or could not put one foot before the other. Then he is ready to go to work upon their minds. Of some he makes skilled musicians—singers, players, or teachers—of others he makes the finest pianoforte-tuners in the world; nearly all of them he makes good for something. Ninety per cent. of his pupils force their own way in the world when they leave the college, and last year his ex-scholars earned £15,000 amongst them. He has solved the problem, how to give light to the blind; and the difference between the finished scholar of the Royal Normal College and the average blind beggar with his dog, is the difference between an Oxford prizeman and Swift's Yahoo.

THE SPEAKER'S GALLERY.

IV.—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

IT is a quarter of a century since "Atalanta in Calydon" was published. Men now in middle age can remember the enthusiasm with which it was received. Born on the threshold of the Victorian era, within a month or two of the Queen's accession, here at last was a poet with a diction and a rhythm of his own, capable of doing high credit to his generation, and proving that the race of great English poets was not yet exhausted. "Atalanta" set men thinking of the golden promise of our literary giants: its affluence of expression, its intellectual force, its honeyed sweetness of tune recalled "Venus and Adonis" and "Comus." It seemed as if there was no height to which the young poet might not reach: nothing seemed wanting but choice of a theme more moving to our common English sympathies. Before the year was out, "Atalanta" was followed by "Chastelard." This argued fertility, and the chorus of praise rose higher, though here and there a voice was raised in protest in behalf of the Young Person, and even friendly critics began to hint that the young poet was too much intoxicated with his own powers of poetic representation to have an equally faultless instinct for the thing represented. Still this was regarded as a fault that time would cure. Then came the "Poems and Ballads," and those who considered that Mr. Swinburne had still a great future before him had to fight for their faith against a furious outcry from outraged morality.

It would be vain for anybody now to contend that Mr. Swinburne has, at least as yet, done all that some of us in the ardour of youthful homage expected of him, because we expected him to command as wide an audience as any poet of the first rank. This he has not done, whatever we may think of the worth of his actual achievement. Doubtless, the outcry over his "Poems and Ballads" gave a rough check to the expansion of his fame. Only the very hottest zealots of art for art's sake would deny that there was reasonable ground for offence. Still, it is no less indisputable that the artist's purpose was much misunderstood. And for this misunderstanding he

had to thank an element in his art that, more than anything else, has been an obstacle to his gaining a wider audience.

It is not too much to say that the "Poems and Ballads" would have given less offence if they had been more easily intelligible. The simplicity of Mr. Swinburne's language is only on the surface. In his earliest, as well as in his latest writings, one often encounters pages that contain no single word above the comprehension of a child, but which yet are woven together in so unfamiliar a syntax, and charged with such a supersubtlety of allusion, that the construction of the meaning is a hard task for a moderately quick-witted man. This told against his poems when the hue-and-cry was raised against them. Passages in which there was frequent reference to kissing and clinging, and lips, and eyes, and tresses, received an interpretation which close study of the words would not have warranted. But to be understood, the poems needed closer study than readers were always willing to give them, and, as Chaucer says, "men deemen gladly to the badder end." If the Young Person had time enough and wit enough and learning enough to see what the poet would be at, the Young Person might be left to enjoy these triumphs of verbal music without any risk of moral contamination. At least half the danger lies in their ill repute and their obscurity.

It is, we believe, mainly this allusive obscurity of style, applied as it so often is to strange unfamiliar themes, that explains why Mr. Swinburne's poetry has never diffused itself outside the comparatively small circle of learned experts in verse. He has proved again and again that he can do what pleases him with words, and if such splendour of expression, such orchestral richness of poetic music, had been applied to themes of universal interest in a way that all could understand, the whole English-speaking world would have had no choice but to listen. He probably knows this as well as we do, and, nevertheless, "gangs his ain gait"—to what goal they only can tell who can see into the future. Perhaps the world will yet listen to the "Songs Before Sunrise." It is easier to judge why the world has not done so. The hatred of Kings and Priests that inspires most of these noble chants—and there is a certain nobility in their ardour as well as in their high technical qualities—is not an English sentiment; it is too fierce and unmeasured, too bookish and derivative, too much occupied with remote causes and persons concerning which the English public know little and care less. The poems read as if they had been written not for his countrymen but for the applause of Mazzini and Victor Hugo. The want of temperance and measure, the tendency to shriek and scold in high-pitched vituperation, to pelt with epithets that are more than a little coarse, and to revel in humour that is more than a little ribald, has marred his use of those occasions on which he has spoken to his countrymen directly, whether individually or collectively, whether in verse or in prose. His recent "Ode to Russia" is one instance out of many that might be given. Six or seven years ago, when the House of Lords threw out the Suffrage Extension Bill, he came to the aid of the Liberal Party with some stirring lyrics—"Clear the Way, my Lords and Lackeys," "O Lords, our Gods, Beneficent, Sublime," "A Word for the Country," and one or two more. But we doubt whether the Liberal forces felt particularly grateful to their Tyrtæus for such a stanza as this:—

> "Bright sons of sublime prostitution,
> You are made of the mire of the street;
> Where your grandmothers walked in pollution,
> Till a coronet shone at their feet.
>
> Your Graces, whose faces
> Bear high the bastard's brand,
> Seem stronger no longer
> Than all this honest land."

Hard-hitting is good, but this is too savage; it is scolding in the manner of the ancients in Athens or Billingsgate. To judge of Mr. Swinburne's poetic powers by such effusions would be as unfair as to judge of Milton's by his political pamphlets. Perhaps poets are too hot-headed for present affairs.

Of Mr. Swinburne's dramatic compositions it is impossible for any one who has really studied them to speak otherwise than with profound respect. The most massive of his efforts in this direction is the trilogy founded on the life of Mary Queen of Scots, "Chastelard," "Bothwell," and "Mary Stuart." It is an immense intellectual achievement; considered merely as such, it is the greatest dramatic work of the century. Why is it not more widely read? Chiefly, we believe, for the reason that it is very hard reading. A man must have a good deal of leisure on his hands who aspires to get through "Bothwell." A society might tackle it. Why should not Mr. Furnivall let bygones be bygones, and found a Swinburne Society? Admirable materials for papers and discussions might be found in the disputable characters and theories of historical events that Mr. Swinburne has crowded into this vast trilogy. The truth is that the poet must be numbered among the fair Queen's victims.

> "Which of these,
> Which of them all that looked on her and loved,
> And men spake well of them, and pride and hope
> Were as their servants—which of all them now
> Shall men speak well of?"

Dead as well as living, Queen Mary has been a fruitful cause of dementia. She has cast her spell over Mr. Swinburne, and so fascinated him with the puzzle of her character as to make him forget his duties as a dramatist and a poet, and bore his readers with tedious discussions of motives and laborious interpretations of historical facts which can interest only those who are fanatically enamoured of the heroine and passionately eager to realise how she felt and looked in every incident of her crowded life; what manner of men and women surrounded her, what personal ambitions and public prejudices she had to fight with; how her wit and courage served her here, while there she was misled by caprice and womanly weakness. As an historical study "Bothwell" is a magnificent piece of work, but it has dramatic vitality only by fits and starts. If we take a bit and study it, we can recognise that even in the dullest-looking speeches the poet's imagination has not been asleep, but has been kept alive by a certain warmth and intensity of feeling. But the intellectual effort of understanding the situation in scene after scene of the intricate drama is too exhausting for consecutive perusal. A sympathetic society of Maryans might read it in the course of a winter with sustained interest, but few individuals have persevered to the end. As for representation on the stage, that was probably never intended by the author.

There have been rumours from time to time for nearly twenty years now that Mr. Swinburne meant to make an acting play out of the story of Mary Stuart. There is abundance of material for several acting plays in the trilogy, but probably not a little recasting would be required. Hitherto, it would seem, Mr. Swinburne has found it impossible to satisfy either himself or the acting manager, or both together. Will he ever give us an actable play? Will he ever try? Will he succeed if he does? Perhaps it is sufficient for answer to point to the length of time that has elapsed since the questions were first asked. For stage purposes "Marino Faliero," noble poem though it is, is not more hopeful than "Atalanta," and less so than "Chastelard."

THE NOBLE SCION.

A RECENT trial, to which no further reference need be made, has shown us something of the habits of a certain class of whose existence probably many worthy persons were entirely unaware. Tom and Jerry we now know are still amongst us—Tom

and Jerry in the *fin de siècle* stage of their existence—and what is worse, they appear to be for the most part of the order known in fashionable novels as "Noble Scions." One day the philosopher will trace the necessary connection between dissipation and brutality of taste. They have not done so yet, and at the present we can only confess a mystery. Dissipation is only splendid in novels; in real life it is nearly always coarse. *On aime à s'encanailler.* It is the Cormorant Club one evening and the Three Stars Music Hall the next. Why? One can only account for it on the theory of a natural level. A vast proportion of our gilded youth are, in point of intelligence, only fit to be their own grooms, and they meet their grooms the moment they seek their pleasure and their ease. Noble families take excessive pains to make the silk purse out of the sow's ear, but a sow's ear it remains to the very last, with all the skill of the weaver. There are Lady Gwendoline's At-homes and my Lord's dinners, but as the talk is decent in one place and perhaps clever in the other, it bores the Noble Scion to extinction. It is all the fault of the measurement of his head. He takes sixes, let us say (under correction of the hatter), when he should take seven-and-a-half, and there is no way of making up the difference. So he is naturally in the stables while his noble parents are doing the honours of the drawing-room, and his nightly luxury is the Three Stars. Has anybody who is anybody ever seen the Three Stars—seen it through its dun clouds of tobacco smoke, as the other stars are sometimes seen through evening mists? Its artistes have hardly an H to their acre of shirt-front, and they exhibit a steady, persistent determination towards the worst in taste and instinct and feeling which is the true mark of a vocation. They are Conservatives to a man—but this by the way. They sing the Empire and the Constitution in ear-splitting doggerel, and are rarely without a "topical" verse in disparagement of the most generous causes of the time. Here the Noble Scion is at home; he understands, and he is understood. No one snubs him by superior knowledge; no one talks over his head (in sixes) from the higher level of seven-and-a-half. It is all plain sailing—the allusiveness is as the allusiveness of the sledge-hammer to the iron bolt. It is a straight stroke with no possibility of mistaking the intention of the author. There is, at the same time, an exclusiveness which marks our Scion off from the herd. He sits in a box behind lace curtains, and his tipple is introduced to him by a knock at the door. The waiters make much of him; he makes much of the "lion comiques." When he wants a stronger sensation, there is the first blood of the glove contest at the Cormorant; when nights and suppers are his craving, there is the little club in the little street which is simply an *in memoriam* of the Argyll Rooms. The Argyll is dead, but it is "Long live the Argyll" all the same. It lives in this more select institution, which hardly cares to open its doors till midnight, and where supper begins with the first of the small hours, and dancing goes on all night long. The members—save the mark—are Noble Scions and women about town; and, by the magic of their membership, they effectually defy the greybeards of the licensing law. Who shall prevent them from taking refreshment because the chimes have struck twelve?

There is a variant to all this in the little symposia held at the music-halls when the commonalty have gone away. The doors are closed, the front lights are out, but there is still a precious close time of about an hour as against all disturbance by the policeman. The goddesses descend from the Olympus of the stage to the plain of the stalls, where the Scion and other favoured mortals are invited to meet them. The high *chic* is for every goddess to have a ministrant lord. She may not care for her lord, but she must care for her dignity, and while one queen of nasal song is thus accompanied, how is another to be out of the fashion? The talk is free—sometimes pure Rabelais with only the wit left out. The popping of the champagne corks serves to supply a needful point to the jokes. The *lionne* of the music-halls is not always the rustic innocent of the late trial. She is sometimes a good deal more formidable than the male of the species, for, let her grace and her grammar be what they may, she will finish this lord. He pays for all, and lavishly, for she has to live at twice her income, and her income is thousands a year. It is precarious—that is the worst of it. She grows old, or out of favour; she lives to be hissed; and then the Scion is apt to be hard pressed. There are instances in which he has sunk very contentedly into obscurity along with the *lionne*, and has ultimately found his natural level in going out in his shirt-sleeves for the supper-beer. The whole thing is rotten with social disease, but that is no reason why it should be ended or mended in a day. Communities, like individuals, sometimes contrive to live on very good terms with their sores. The worst of it lies in its tendency to produce fatty degeneration of the character. Men who have lost their perception of what is decent are in the way to lose their perception of what is right. The men who "toss up for it" are not the creatures of a day. They are carefully grown in these hothouses, and they are of perfect good faith in their want of faith in all that might tend to give them a distant resemblance to a man. We may yet have to establish a Reformatory for Noble Scions.

TO LADY NOVELISTS.

II.—On Heroines who Burst and Roll across the Floor.

Railway travellers have not long to wait before this girl is in the two-shilling edition, and then the bookstall boy runs alongside the train with her in his hand, and she is seized from many windows. If you are afraid to trust the boy (but he knows) you can judge whether she is the right kind by the picture on the cover, or by the name of the authoress, or by the sales, for this is the girl for most of us. The boy says she goes like oranges.

This heroine is as "untiring in her efforts to please" as an actress, and she begins at once. She never merely laughs or cries; she bursts, whether it be into laughter or tears, as recklessly as the circus ladies burst through tissue paper. She does nothing indeed in the common way. When she visits friends she sits down (plump) on their invitation, and after the Guardsman goes, she falls heavily on his departure. In her agony she rolls across her bedroom floor with her hair down. In real life, perhaps, she could not be quite so regardless of her person (not to speak of her clothes), but she is a delicious sensation to read about.

I notice that she is nine times in ten a married woman. The most extraordinary thing about her and her husband, the Earl, is that they are madly, wildly, passionately in love, but each thinks the other hates him or her. She discovers immediately after the wedding that he is supposed to have married her for her money; or he discovers that the other man once kissed her on the lips, and after that they pass with a cold bow. They meet however at dances at their own house, and in the conservatory he asks her hoarsely to dance with him. All this time her eyes are blazing like two furnaces, one on each side of her nose—though they used to be lakes with a forest of pines planted round about—and drawing her figure up until she could fan the ceiling with her ripe hair, she says that if he dares to touch her waist, she will cut it off. He then strides hoarsely away, and no sooner has the door closed than she moans, "O my God!" and flinging herself at the fender begins to roll across the floor with her hair down. Back and forward she rolls, back and forward, and any man's heart would be touched to see her thus. If the Earl were only to return now! But there is no use hoping for that, and by-and-by

she is back in the ball-room flirting outrageously, and cold externally as ice, though still on the boil inside, and the Earl gets hoarser than ever.

There is not much about the servants in these novels, but they must be in the background, and they are capable girls too, such as you perhaps sigh for in vain yourselves. How they must sweep the rooms where the heroine is to roll in the evening back and forward without ruining her dress! What becomes of the hairpins when the hair is down? Does she roll with them in her mouth? They are finely built houses, too, or someone would hear her fall. The rolling need not make much noise on thick carpets, but it must wear them out in time, and very likely the man they were bought from is blamed. I cannot help feeling anxious about this man. There is always some member of the working classes who suffers for the eccentricities of the aristocracy.

A girl who is the wife of an earl (for however hoarse he may be, she is still his wife) can afford to dress extravagantly. Knowing her ways, her maid has doubtless a change of dress always in readiness, and it may be allowed that the maid benefits by the bursting, for she probably gets the cast-off clothing. A real lady would never send a burst dress back to the maker to be re-sewn. On the whole, therefore, the more her ladyship bursts, the better for those beneath her. I would point, however, to two classes of readers to whom her behaviour is a little trying. First, there are the young lady readers of comparatively poor parents. They incline to copy the aristocracy, and I ask you to conceive the effect upon an ordinary professional man of a daughter who had a passion for bursting in her new frock, or rolling about in it on the floor. His income could not stand this. She would have to be told to put on a last year's dress before bursting, or she could only burst once in a season. It is said that young ladies prefer one big ball to ever so many little dances, and in the same way perhaps they would rather burst and roll once in cashmere and lace than make a regular thing of it in a cheap print. If the admiring readers of your heroine were young wives like herself, but not so wealthy, their case would be still more serious, for a married woman has no one to control her expenditure. She might burst her husband out of house and home in three months. Your heroines have no responsibility, as they hand it all over to their housekeeper; and their husband, the Earl, can grow hoarser and hoarser without anyone's suffering but himself. But the professional man must to his work, though he is as hoarse as a crow; and when she is bursting, his wife ought to be out ordering the dinner. It is easy, again, for a countess to set apart a room for rolling in, and her husband never the wiser. But in a small house there are no spare rooms. Consider what a trial on a married man it would be if when he came home, tired with his day's work, he found his wife rolling across the dining-room floor in her wedding dress! He would not know what to say to her. For the good of the middle-class public, therefore, you might get your heroines to set an example of economy.

We men, too, though we revel in your heroines, would like fewer dresses, partly because our daughters say that if a countess has three costumes for an evening, they should have at least one a month, and partly because so many dresses confuse us. Why not devote some pages at the beginning of your story to a brief description of the girls' dresses? They do that in play-books for the guidance of actresses. You could add some useful hints to lady-readers, as that green with red on the skirts is the proper dress for Revenge, pale pink open at the throat for Lost Love, while corded silk bursts best, and blue is fashionable for rolling in.

But let me not be hypercritical. Your heroines are not only delightful company, but prove that our aristocracy are stronger, physically, than the medical papers allow. I question if there is another aristocracy in the world that could burst and roll so much without feeling the effects of it.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XV.—"BANGKOLDY" AT HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

THE real nature of a worker is best seen on his holiday. The routine of business does not permit the display of much individuality. Three grocer's assistants, each wearing a white apron, each tying up a pound of sugar, and each making the same remark on the weather, are very similar and not very interesting; they have conformed to a type. A Bank Holiday sets the individuality free. One of our three puts on flannels, and plays cricket all day in the sun; athleticism shows itself, and one can learn still more of the man's character from noticing his behaviour when he is given out l b w. The second wears all the more recent additions to his wardrobe, and takes a young lady to Rosherville; here are the rudiments of a man of fashion. A third stops in bed till midday, and then takes a walk in Brompton Cemetery. His individuality is not, perhaps, quite obvious, for routine has broken him. But if he were richer, he would probably have a little volume of minor verse published.

Man's necessity is the tram-company's opportunity. There were no penny fares on Bank Holiday. Yet during the morning and afternoon the yellow trams were all crowded with passengers on their way to Hampstead Heath. It was computed that between 70,000 and 80,000 people visited Hampstead Heath on Monday. Shortly before noon they were swarming up the streets in the vicinity. There were small children in charge of smaller children; groups of girls with bright eyes and a certain freedom of manner; women of swarthy complexion, with white or brilliantly coloured handkerchiefs on their heads, some of them with trained birds in cages to assist them in probing the secrets of destiny; young men in their Sunday clothes, looking very proud of the young women, also in Sunday clothes, whom they were escorting; urchins with pence in their pockets and a tumble from a hired donkey in their immediate future; and fat babies in creaking perambulators, wheeled by anxious mothers, and personally conducted by good-humoured, pipe-smoking fathers. All were seeking the fresh air, and sunlight, and green open spaces; and the artificial allurements of swings, shows, and sandwiches. The top of the Heath was a bright and animated scene. Against the water on one side of the road donkeys could be hired. One little boy was selecting a donkey, and being advised in his choice of an animal by another little boy who had the air of wisdom. "'Ev that 'un, Enry," says Mentor. "I rid 'im myself, and 'e can go proper. You doan' want no stick. Kick 'im in the stomick. 'E can't feel nowhere else." On the other side of the road were the swings, stalls for the sale of cheap refreshments, and penny shows. Each row of swings had a man with a mechanical piano near it; and I noticed that the music never would keep time with the motion of the swings. One white tent, inscribed "Professor North, Ventriloquist," attracted me into it. The Professor was quite as good as most of the ventriloquists one sees at West-End variety entertainments; and he used their dialogue and business. But his dummies looked very depressed, as if they had seen better days. After a few minutes of ventriloquial entertainment, Professor North remarked that there was no second charge. "But," he said, "I have the privilege of being allowed to go round with my hat." He went round; and the result must have been satisfactory, as he gave us some more ventriloquism, finally ordering one of the dummies to "thank the ladies and gentlemen for their kind patronage and attention." I did not visit any of the monstrosities; but anyone who was moved by the spirit of scientific research, or by other motives, had a chance of seeing a six-legged dog, and something which was said to be a boy and a girl joined together. In the crowd here, or further down in the vale, where more shows were grouped, the cries

from the hawkers and the keepers of the booths made one continuous roar. "All the fun of the fair, all the jolly fun!" shouts one man who is selling scent-squirts. "Ask 'em what they think of the show when they come out," is the request of one booth proprietor, who knows that, in the fallen condition of human nature, a man who has been fooled finds no surer consolation than to see his fellow-man fooled in the same way. "We change all the bad 'uns," is an additional inducement to have three shies at the cocoa-nuts. "'It 'im as 'ard as yer like! Crack 'im over the 'ead! Three shies a penny!" was the invitation to a somewhat barbarous form of amusement, which was also seen at some of the race-courses this year. A man thrusts his head through a hole in a screen, and you throw wooden balls at that head. It looks, probably, more dangerous than it really is. The man in this case dodged well; and he wore a wig, which would be some protection. At any rate, I did not see him butchered to make a British holiday.

But the crowd are better to look at than any show. They are attracted by such monstrosities and cruelties as I have mentioned; they make, it must be owned, a perfectly terrific noise; they will defile the Heath with greasy newspapers and scraps of food from their picnics; yet a man would require a very mean mind to feel no affection for them and no sympathy with their boisterous enjoyment on a day like this. Fine holidays are not so common with them that they can afford to devote them to a study of culture. They are not, at any rate, selfish or self-conscious; their happiness is free and natural. There is more of the spirit of *camaraderie* on Hampstead Heath during the August Bank Holiday than could be found in Piccadilly during the whole season. Each man is ready to play a practical joke on his neighbour, but he is equally ready to do him a good turn. I stood on the top of some rising ground, from which one could see a good deal of the Heath. It was shortly after noon, and the midday meal was commencing. All over the Heath were scattered little groups, eating and laughing. The fat babies had all got out of their perambulators and were crawling about the grass in all directions. Below me were the whirl and noise of the steam roundabout. Crowds were passing to and fro from one group of stalls to the next; the cheap, bright-coloured dresses of the girls looking pretty enough at a little distance. The sunlight flashed and sparkled on the water, where bare-legged boys were paddling. There was always a crowd around the ponds; the presence of water in any considerable quantity had the charm of novelty for many. Altogether, there was so much joy, and energy, and enthusiasm everywhere, that one hardly noticed the lamentable absence of high culture.

On the West Heath there was more quiet and seclusion; there under the shade of the trees, among ferns that grow breast-high, more decorous people held more sombre picnics. I only saw one person reading. She was not very pretty, and she wore spectacles. She was one of the very few who were quite without companions. I came suddenly upon her among the ferns. She was reading a novel of the circulating libraries, and for a few moments she had ceased to be conscious that she was a plain, spectacled, solitary girl, whose finger-tips told her profession. She was that beautiful and passionate heroine, Gwendoline, sitting in a dim-lit conservatory, tired of the brilliant glare of the ball-room, and being assured spasmodically of the constant love of a handsome peer, in the usual "faultless evening dress."

OXFORD EXPLORERS IN ASIA MINOR.

FROM Professor Ramsay, one of the Oxford exploring party now at work in search of classical antiquities, inscriptions, etc., in Asia Minor, we have received the following interesting communication, under date Selefke, July 12th:—

In Dineir (Apameia - Celaenae), the present terminus of the Ottoman Railway, we occupied a spare hour or two, while hiring the horses and making preparations for the start, in copying a few unpublished inscriptions. One, in Latin, orders that the first day of each month shall bear the name of Cæsar, and another records that in A.D. 46 the whole five archons of Apameia were for the first time Roman citizens, an interesting step in the gradual Romanisation of the country.

A Christian epitaph, of the class which may be reckoned Montanist, was also found in a field on the hillside a few miles distant. We passed by Konana (whose numerous inscriptions are the most dreary and uninteresting that have survived from antiquity), Seleuceia, and Prostanna. From Prostanna we had to send our baggage across the lake in a boat, and thence by a détour; while we rode across the Pisidian Mountains, taking only a blanket each and a few things which we could carry on our horses. We thought that two days would suffice to take us across the mountains, but we had to lie on the hillside for four nights, owing to the difficulty of finding the roads, and the hardly passable character of the roads after they were found. We visited by the way Timbrias and Adada, the latter one of the most interesting ruins that I have seen in Asia Minor; it would well repay careful examination and a small expenditure of money. During our hurried visit we made a rough plan of the city, with its agora, acropolis, and temples. On the east side of the mountains we rejoined our baggage, and spent a day in verifying the theory proposed for the site of the Roman colony Parlais in my "Historical Geography of Asia Minor." We found the ruins of a small, well-fortified city on a low hill, round which the Roman road to Side must have turned, precisely in the situation indicated in my map; it lies between the villages of Kashakli (visited by Professor G. Hirschfeld in 1871) and Monastir. A rude rock relief of Roman period was all that we found on the site besides walls and pottery. But there can be no doubt that it was a Roman city, and the existence of two Latin inscriptions at Bademli confirms my argument that the city was Parlais.

A glance at the sites of Karallia and Dalisandos, and a distant view of Lyrbe and Kolybrassos, contented us. At Dalisandos we had intended to take photographs of the huge and curious stete, possibly "Hittite," discovered by Professor Sterrett in 1885. But a thunder-shower, which lasted intermittently for thirty hours, prevented this, and the world must remain content with the rough drawing which I published in the "Athen. Mittheilungen, 1889, of this ugliest of all ancient monuments in Asia Minor, one alone excepted. We were then obliged to go to Konia, in order to show ourselves to the authorities, and to get money and letters; neither of the latter have arrived, and we leave disappointed and rather embarrassed.

As we were on the point of leaving Konia, a telegram arrived putting £150 at our disposal. We then came through Lystra, Korna, and Derbe, to Ilistra and Laranda; finding two milestones with long inscriptions on the road between Lystra and Derbe, and a number of unimportant sepulchral inscriptions at various points. From Laranda we entered the Isaurian Mountains, and on the next day came in sight of the ruins of Hierapolis-Sibilia. The ruins are those of a Roman and Byzantine city, silted up from 4 to 7 feet deep, but so well preserved that a rough plan was easily made. At the south end was what at first seemed the acropolis; but closer examination showed that in part it was built from older material (including stones of Byzantine work), put together hurriedly in order to construct a smaller fortress. The probable history of the place is this:—It was the "Holy City" of Northern Ketis, which coined money under the name Keropissos. It was a Byzantine bishopric, Hierapolis; in later time this bishopric changed its name to Sibilia. The small fortress was built by the Armenian princes, one of

whom welcomed Barbarossa so hospitably during his passage across the mountains. The ruins of a church are in very fair preservation, possibly of the seventh or eighth century. We made a plan of it, and copied four Arabic inscriptions among the fallen stones. One other very large building, with numerous chambers, on a street leading from the great church towards the south, was well preserved, and we made a plan of it. It faces a smaller church on the opposite side of the street, which, from the numerous remains along it, must have been the chief street of the city.

After spending great part of a day in wandering among the mountains searching for a reported Kodja Kalesi, "Big Castle," we reached Mut, and found there several good inscriptions, including full evidence that Leake was right in placing Claudiopolis there. Next day we got a guide to Kodja Kalesi, four hours to the north, near a village Maliya. This turned out to be a monastery, including several other buildings, and a church in marvellous preservation. The roof has fallen in, and two or three columns also, but great part of the church is perfect, and the walls stand to their full height. The beauty of the ruins, and the style of architecture, justify the opinion that this is the monastery of Apadna, which Procopius mentions as one of Justinian's buildings. If this be correct, we have here a church untouched since Justinian's time, and nearly complete. We made a plan of the whole monastery, and careful drawings and elevations of the church to the best of our ability.

Between this monastery and Claudiopolis we also found (or rather Hogarth alone found) the ruins of a small city, with numerous unimportant inscriptions; this was certainly the Isaurian bishopric Dalisandos. Great part of what we saw near Mut was shown us by Demetrius Komnenos, a Greek of Lemnian origin, one of the half-dozen best specimens of his race that I have known.

Between Claudiopolis and Seleuceia we found numerous small ruins in excellent preservation, and a small Greek village, Ala Ekklesia, which has preserved an unbroken existence through the Turkish period. Up to the present, however, we have failed to find any distinct proof of the chief object of our search, Diocaesareia-Prakana, which was somewhere near Seleuceia, on a road leading to Laranda. We are now starting on another road to look for any possible traces of it.

The ruins in Cilicia Tracheia (or Byzantine Isauria) are in wonderful preservation. The country is singularly picturesque, and the high lands come so close to the sea that one can have cool nights by going up a few hours from the coast. The roads, however, are very bad, and the time consumed in searching even a small district is great; and, unfortunately, time is wanting to us, as we are bound to spend a good deal in the Anti-Taurus region.

THE WEEK.

LORD TENNYSON celebrated his eighty-first birthday on Wednesday. A year ago, in honour of the day, MR. VILLIERS STANFORD devised a specially pleasant treat for the Poet Laureate—a performance of his fine setting of "The Revenge" by a trained choir in the garden at Aldworth. This year the day was marked in a different manner. Her Royal Highness the DUCHESS OF ALBANY made a journey to Aldworth House in order to lunch with the poet, and offer him her congratulations on his birthday. Everybody will be glad to know that his health is excellent, and that he is still working for the benefit of the readers of the future.

REPRESENTATIVES of University Extension have been discussing this week at Oxford the desirability, and the possibility, of securing for their enterprise State aid. A strong case has been made out for the proposal, and its advocates boast that they have obtained the adhesion of so redoubtable an ally as MR. JOHN MORLEY. In small country centres, where the numbers are necessarily small, but the enthusiasm for education vigorous, the want of funds is a real and chronic difficulty in the way of rendering "Extension" teaching permanent. Oxford does much for the movement, and aids it, considering her ancient prejudices, with no illiberal hand. But Oxford cannot yet give all that is wanted; and in these days, looking at what the State does to help already, and at what the people expect it to do, the plea put forward for some subsidy to the University Extension movement seems, when considered, reasonable enough.

NOT the least creditable of the achievements of the movement is the conversion of the University authorities to its ways. The Vice-Chancellor and Proctors inaugurate its summer carnival. The schools are appropriated as its lecture halls; the colleges become its recreation grounds; the Union forms its club. Its students have adopted the University as their own; and this year, more than any other, there are signs that the summer meeting will be permanent, and will, in all probability, include within its ranks a steadily increasing percentage of workers and of men. Two delusions, it is true, still surround the system and pervade even its summer gatherings. One is that University Extension is intended chiefly for people of leisure. Another, which is the same in different shape, is that it is only a development of the "Higher Education of Women." When those two false theories are dispelled, and when everybody understands that University Extension is designed for busy people and as far as possible for working-men, we may look to its making way even more rapidly, and justifying even more brilliantly than hitherto the loyal support which the leaders of the old Universities have given to it.

THE Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge cannot be congratulated on its answer to MR. BESANT'S charges, and the Bishops who sign it mingle the wisdom of serpents with the harmlessness of doves in very curious proportions. MR. BESANT'S surrejoinder is crushing enough, but he has missed one point in his indictment. The S.P.C.K. not only sweats the unfortunate author; it unfairly damages the ordinary publisher. No doubt MR. BESANT thinks that this latter gentleman is well able to take care of himself; but his grievance may as well be stated.

THE ordinary publisher runs a certain risk in bringing out a book. A publishing society, backed up with the subscriptions of old ladies in the country, runs no risk at all. The subscriptions are intended to pay for the distribution of "good" literature. Now mark the result. The society prints 3,000 copies of a book and finds it can only dispose of 500 copies to the booksellers. How shall it avoid loss? Why, obviously, by "distributing" the remaining copies of a work which the public thinks little of, and paying itself out of the subscriptions. It would be interesting to have a table stating what books have been "distributed" by the S.P.C.K. during the last two years, and in what numbers; and another table showing how these books have sold in comparison with others published by the society. And if the society will oblige us on this point, will it go a step further and provide some other Bishops to sign the statement this time?

THE *Globe* last Saturday in its column of "Literary Gossip" (What's Hecuba to the *Globe*, of all papers?) believes that MR. ANDREW LANG has "taken a general oversight over the literary gossip column

of THE SPEAKER." But indeed the "oversight" is all the *Globe's*. "This is by the way, however," pursues the paragraphist: which seems a trivial remark, until we note that "By the Way" is the title of the *Globe's* "funny" column.

ANYONE who wishes to see how heartily we English hate a poet, should turn to the daily papers and read their remarks on the "SWINBURNE incident" in the House of Commons. Because MR. SMITH does not read what he sells, and half a dozen Tory gentlemen had not heard of a particular bit of literature, there is joy throughout the land. The prospect of rejoicing over what MR. SMITH does not know is a wide one; but in view of the fact that we owe more glory to our poets than to our armies, and the reasonable probability that SWINBURNE will be quoted at least five hundred years after every gentleman on the front Ministerial bench is as if he had never been, it would be more decent to suppress our joy. We are no admirers of MR. SWINBURNE'S politics; but we looked for more generosity from the Liberal Press. The *Globe* says, "In this country we do not take our poets too seriously: we recognise their 'little ways' and smile indulgently at their caprices." This is a sweet picture. The *Globe* costs a penny only, and may therefore be considered a cheap corrective of national pride.

MUDIE'S Library and Bohemia (Heaven smile upon this fair conjunction!) having excluded TOLSTOÏ'S "Kreutzer Sonata," the United States are following suit, and a hearty persecution of the small volume is going forward. We read in a Dalziel's telegram that "JOSEPH BRITTON, the chief of a new society at New York for the suppression of vice, taking his cue from the refusal of the New York authorities to permit the 'Kreutzer Sonata' to pass through the mails, yesterday bought twelve novels with attractive titles at the headquarters of the New York News Company, and after reading them decided that five of them were immoral," with the result that the manager of the Company and two clerks were flung into prison, and 1,244 books were seized, including some copies of the "Kreutzer Sonata." There is no doubt, we suppose, that MR. JOSEPH BRITTON is wiser than most men, and really knows vice when he sees it. The titles that attracted him were: "The Devil's Daughter," "Thou Shalt Not," and "Speaking of Ellen." The first is strong enough to attract even the amateur "suppresser"; it is easy to see why the second was purchased; but we confess that to have bought "Speaking of Ellen" proves a highly educated nose for vice. Ninety-nine men in a hundred would have passed it by as merely virtuous. Meanwhile the "Kreutzer Sonata" gains publicity.

CLIFTON COLLEGE is losing its head master; but it will retain one enduring memorial of him at least. He found a school-chapel of brick; he leaves one of marble. By degrees he has converted a building which had no grace but that of proportion into one of the fairest edifices of its kind in England. The mosaic designed for this chapel by MR. HOLMAN HUNT is fully explained by the venerable artist in this month's *Contemporary*. We have the authority of the *Pall Mall Gazette* for stating also that MR. HUNT is just finishing his "May Morning on Magdalen Tower," after an enormous amount of labour; and we hope that Magdalen College will show spirit and buy the picture. The May morning celebration is one of the few ceremonies of old Oxford that still excite enthusiasm: for many of the most characteristic take place out of term time; as, for instance, the presentation of the boar's head at Queen's College. The great tower itself and the Founder's Tower are always crowded, and the street below is full of people, in spite of the preposterous hour at which the sun rises on May 1st, and the shoal of small boys with tin horns, who completely drown the voices of the choristers high above.

OUT of 1,500 pictures at the Academy 227 only have been sold. This, however, does not include the many portraits painted on commission, and, of course, there are many destined "for my friend So-and-So" which do not count. If few have bought, many have paid to see—as many, says the *St. James's Gazette*, as have been attracted by the Salon and the Champ de Mars together, if one may judge by the receipts. But one must not judge by the receipts, seeing that the Salons are open free on Sundays; and it is only fair to remember how much longer the English exhibition lasts.

MR. FRITH, with a view to the contemplated biography, is anxious to receive communications from anyone who possesses a scrap of special information about the deeds, ways, or works of JOHN LEECH. It is singular to note how long the artists who have delighted us week by week for many years have to wait for gratitude. JOHN LEECH died in the fulness of his vigour—hurdy-gurdies killed him—and he did not die rich. "In LEECH'S day," says MR. SALA this week, "draughtsmen on wood and even etchers were poorly paid. I wonder whether I am underestimating the artistic tariff of the past in saying that GEORGE CRUIKSHANK rarely received more than ten guineas for a full octavo page etching, and that when SIR JOHN GILBERT was a young man he readily accepted a guinea for a vignette drawing on wood." It is only when MR. CHARLES KEENE has gone from us (may the day be distant!) that we shall set due store by his marvellous work in black-and-white—work which at present meets with more recognition abroad than at home. Frenchmen rave over his renderings of landscape; but to the ordinary reader of *Punch* his drawings have come too regularly to be properly appreciated. They have unfortunately been missing for the last week or two. MR. KEENE has been ill for some time, but, we are glad to say, has almost recovered.

THAT some people have not yet had enough of MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF and her "true inwardness" may be gathered from the fact that her letters are about to be published in Paris. It will be interesting to observe whether the frank unreserve she displays in her journal was shown in her correspondence with her friends.

AUTHORS, like other men, have "gone out of town" during the past week in surprising numbers, and the literary clubs are consequently almost as empty as those devoted to the politicians—indeed, the Athenæum has shut its doors for some weeks to come. Scotland has attracted, among others, MR. GEORGE MEREDITH and MR. LANG; Dover has been selected by MR. JAMES PAYN as the scene of his autumn vacation; MR. WILLIAM BLACK is about to start for the Mediterranean, accompanied by his family; MR. JOHN MORLEY left town on Wednesday, like a wise man leaving no address behind him—but really the list of the men who have fled from the London pavements is too long to be repeated here. It would be an easier task to enumerate those who remain, for not a few prefer London in August as the best of all places for getting through work that must be done. Of such, as a rule, is MR. HENRY JAMES; MR. BRET HARTE is another, and MR. LEWIS MORRIS, who has "passed the proofs" of his new volume of poems, is a third.

SAD is the wail of the American actor who comes over with a trumpery play, and when it fails

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

signally, accuses London critics of seeing "no good in anything that comes out of America." The critics very naturally dislike a piece which has been clumsily contrived for the benefit of a particular comedian, and is therefore, in the language of which MR. NAT GOODWIN is a master, "a one-horse concern." But as for this alleged decrying of everything that comes out of America, there is a considerable list of American players who can tell a very different story.

THE RETURN OF JOANNA.

HIGH and low, rich and poor, in Troy Town there are seventy-three maiden ladies. Under this term, of course, I include only those who may reasonably be supposed to have forsworn matrimony for life. Of the seventy-three, the two Misses Lefanu stand first, as well from their age and extraction (their father was an Admiral and M.P. for the borough before the Reform Bill) as because of their house, which stands in Fore Street, and is faced with polished Luxulyan granite—the same that was used for the Duke of Wellington's coffin in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Miss Susan Lefanu is eighty-five; Miss Charlotte has just passed seventy-six. They are extremely small, and Miss Bunce looks after them. That is to say, she dresses them of a morning, arranges their chestnut "fronts," sets their caps straight, and takes them down to breakfast. After dinner (which happens in the middle of the day) she dresses them again and conducts them for a short walk along the Esplanade. In the evening she brings out the Bible and sets it the right way up for Miss Susan, who begins to meditate on her decease; then sits down to a game of *écarté* with Miss Charlotte, who as yet has not turned her thoughts upon mortality. At ten she puts them to bed. Afterwards, "the good Bunce"—who is fifty, looks like a grenadier, and wears a large mole on her chin—takes up a French novel, fastened by a piece of elastic between the covers of Baxter's "Saint's Rest," and reads for an hour before retiring. Her pay is fifty-two pounds a year, and her attachment to the Misses Lefanu a matter of inference rather than perception.

One morning in last May, at nine o'clock, when Miss Bunce had just arranged the pair in front of their breakfast-plates, and was sitting down to pour out the tea, two singers came down the street, and their voices—a man's and a woman's—though not young, accorded very prettily:—

> "Citizens, toss your pens away!
> For all the world is mad to-day—
> Cuckoo—cuckoo!
> The world is mad to-day."

"What extraordinary words for a pair of street singers!" Miss Bunce ejaculated, setting down the tea-pot. But as Miss Charlotte was busy cracking an egg, and Miss Susan in a sort of coma, dwelling perhaps on death and its terrors, the remark went unheeded.

> "Citizens, doff your coats of black,
> And dress to suit the almanack,
> Cuckoo—"

The voices broke off, and a rat-tat sounded on the front door.

"Say that we never give to beggars, under any circumstances," murmured Miss Susan, waking out of her lethargy.

The servant entered with a scrap of crumpled paper in her hand. "There was a woman at the door who wished to see Miss Lefanu."

"Say that we never give—" Miss Susan began again, fumbling with the note. "Bunce, I have on my gold-rimmed spectacles, and cannot read with them, as you know. The black-rimmed pair must be upstairs, on the—"

"How d'ye do, my dears?" interrupted a brisk voice. In the doorway stood a plump middle-aged woman, nodding her head rapidly. She wore a faded alpaca gown, patched here and there, a shawl of shepherd's plaid stained with the weather, and a nondescript bonnet. Her face was red and roughened, as if she lived much out of doors. "How d'ye do? I'm Joanna."

Miss Bunce rose, and going discreetly to the window, pretended to gaze into the street. Joanna, as she knew, was the name of the old ladies' only step-sister, who had eloped from home twenty years before and (it was whispered) had disgraced the family. As for the Misses Lefanu, being unused to rise without help, they spread out their hands as if stretching octaves on the edge of the table and feebly stared.

"Joanna," began the elder tremulously, "if you have come to ask charity—"

"Bless your heart, no! What put that into your head?" She advanced and took the chair which Miss Bunce had left, and resting her elbows on the table, regarded her sisters steadily. "What a preposterous age you both must be, to be sure! My husband's waiting for me outside."

"Your husband?" Miss Charlotte quavered.

"Why, of course. Did you suppose, because I ran away to act, that I wasn't an honest woman?" She stretched out her left hand; and there was a thin gold ring on her third finger. "He isn't much of an actor, poor dear. In fact, not to put too fine a point on it, he has been hissed off two-and-thirty stages in Great Britain alone. Indeed, he's the very worst actor I ever saw, although I don't tell him. But as a husband he's sublime."

"Are there—" Miss Susan began, and broke down. "Are there," she tried again, "are there—any—children?"

"Ah, my dear, if there were, I might be tempted to repent."

"Don't you?" jerked out Miss Bunce, turning sharply from the window. There was a certain sharp emotion in the question, but her face was in the shadow. Joanna regarded her for a moment or two and broke into a laugh.

"My dears, I have been an actress and a mother. I retain the instincts of both,—though my little one died at three months, and no manager will engage me now, because I refuse to act unless my husband has a part. Theoretically, he is the first of artists; in practice— You were asking, however, if I repent. Well, having touched the two chief prizes within a woman's grasp, I hardly see how it is likely. I perceive that the object of my visit has been misinterpreted. To be frank, I came to gloat over you."

"Your step-sisters are at least respectable," Miss Bunce answered.

"Let us grant that to be a merit," retorted Joanna: "Do I understand you to claim the credit of it?

"They are very clean, though," she went on, looking from one to the other, "and well preserved. Susan, I notice, shows signs of failing; she has dropped her spectacles into the tea-cup. But to what end, Miss——"

"Bunce."

"To what end, Miss Bunce, are you preserving them?"

"Madam, when you entered the room I was of your way of thinking. Book after book that I read"—Miss Bunce blushed at this point—"has displayed before me the delights of that quick artistic life that you glory in following. I have eaten out my heart in longing. But now that I see how it coarsens a woman—for it *is* coarse to sneer at age, in spite of all you may say about uselessness being no better for being protracted over much time——"

"You are partly right," Joanna interrupted, "although you mistake the accident for the essence. I am only coarse when confronted by respectability. Nevertheless, I am glad if I reconcile you to your lot."

"But the point is," insisted Miss Bunce, "that a lady *never* forgets herself."

"And you would argue that the being liable to forget myself is only another development of that very character by virtue of which I follow Art. Ah, well!"—she nodded towards her step-sisters—"I ask you why they and I should be daughters of one father?"

She rose and stepped to the piano in the corner. It was a tall Collard, shaped, above the key-board, like a cupboard. After touching the notes softly, to be sure they were in tune, she drew over a chair, and fell to playing Schumann's "Warum?" very tenderly. It was a tinkling instrument, but perhaps her playing gained pathos thereby, before such an audience. At the end she turned round: there were tears in her eyes.

"You used to play the 'Osborne Quadrilles' very nicely," observed Miss Susan, suddenly. "Your playing has become very—very——"

"Disreputable," suggested Joanna.

"Well, not exactly. I was going to say 'unintelligible.'"

"It's the same thing." She rose, kissed her step-sisters, and walked out of the room without a look at Miss Bunce.

"Poor Joanna!" observed Miss Susan, after a minute's silence. "She has aged very much. I really must begin to think of my end."

* * * * * *

Outside, in the street, Joanna's husband was waiting for her—a dark, ragged man, with a five-act expression of face.

"Don't talk to me for a while," she begged. "I feel as if I had been among ghosts."

"Ghosts?"

"They were much too dull to be real: and yet —— Oh, Jack, I feel glad for the first time that our child was taken! I might have left him there."

"What shall we sing?" asked the man, turning his face away.

"Something pious," Joanna answered with an ugly little laugh, "since we want our dinner. The public has still enough honesty left to pity piety." She stepped out into the middle of the street, facing her sisters' windows, and began, the man's voice chiming in at the third bar—

"In the sweet by-and-bye
We shall meet on that be—yeautiful shore." . . . .

Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE "BOBBIES" OF LITERATURE.

DEAR SIR,—On nine occasions out of ten a young recruit may hold his tongue and be glad of it afterwards. But when his superior officers begin to squabble among themselves and bandy unworthy adjectives in public places, he may be pardoned for thinking that the exception, the occasion for speech, has at length arrived. And I am asking you to admit a protest and a plea, since the quarrel began and has, in great part, been allowed to continue, in your pages.

Mr. Grant Allen, in a *causerie* that drew much attention, accused his fellow-novelists of revelling in blood. Mr. Hall Caine retorted, defending blood-shed; and the defence, though possibly superfluous, was not offensive: but he went on to fling about charges of effeminacy and impurity, until his offensiveness far outdid that of Mr. Allen. A very pretty set-to was the result, and it is not over yet.

It is to be noted that both these gentlemen agree on the corruption of fiction, though they dispute over its symptoms. They differ also in their bearing in face of the evil, somewhat characteristically. Mr. Allen implies vaguely that he carries a specific, in the form of a terrifically strong opinion, somewhere up his sleeve, but hesitates to produce it for fear of martyrdom. Mr. Caine implies more boldly that the cure lies in writing and reading books like "The Bondman." I may say at once that on this point I find it impossible to answer Mr. Caine.

But, in the first place, does the corruption exist? I submit that it does so only to the parochial mind. The *Iliad* is as "bluggy" a work as may be found, and contains nice details of slaughter such as no author of my acquaintance—no, not Mr. Haggard—has the courage to emulate nowadays. The story of Ugolino is realistic, and *Hamlet* sanguinary, beyond all modern taste. But are Homer and Dante poets of decadence? or does Shakespeare mark a decline from the palmy days of tragedy when Medea might not kill her children in view of the audience? It is typical of the parochial mind to warn writers off this and that subject. One critic will have nothing said about the Sixth Commandment, another will enforce silence on the Seventh. I plead that every inch of life shall be open to Fiction; that all experiment shall be allowed to her; that after the experiment has been made, and not till then, shall critics pronounce upon her success or failure. Take the case of Mr. Hall Caine's "adulterous woman." Suppose that nine hundred and ninety-nine writers have failed on this subject; that only proves the difficulty, not the unlawfulness, of the attempt. Who is Mr. Caine that he should put up sign-boards about the world, and warn off Art—*his own* Art, be it remarked, the Art he should serve rather than dictate to—as a trespasser?

For the moment we may leave unnoticed the fore-doomed futility of these sign-boards. It concerns us more that Mr. Grant Allen and Mr. Hall Caine—themselves writers—should be the men to set them up. Their action smacks of treachery. We have not yet so thoroughly exorcised the evangelical spirit, the spirit that looks askance at fiction as a naughty thing to be classed with "play-acting," that we can afford to fall to bickering among ourselves. To us, the rank and file of novelists, who will allow no limits to the conquests of the art we follow, it seems a painful and unblessed thing that two of our officers should go over to our enemies for lack of faith. We would assert, what every true Liberal is asserting just now—the right of free speech; and, if you please, these two have turned policemen to keep us out of our Trafalgar Square. From the rank of artists they have depressed themselves to the level of the common "bobby," simply because they lack the catholic eye to recognise a brotherhood of aim among writers of differing styles, or that Fiction has a right to extend her fair domain beyond their own gardens.

By "lack of faith," I mean "lack of faith in their profession;" for of one at least it may be said that he has a plenty of belief in himself. And with the other, Mr. Grant Allen, I confess to having small patience. He is for ever hinting that he possesses mighty original notions that would startle us all if he only dared to produce them in this intolerant world. But, in sober truth, does he not exaggerate his danger of martyrdom? Or, if we admit that what answers to the faggot and stake nowadays would really be his lot if he spoke boldly, would he not do better to keep total silence? As it is, this writer who might (we have his word for it) speak with the tongue of men and angels, is content with utterances hardly distinguishable from those of the customary Philistine.

I think it well that these two writers should know what they have made themselves in the eyes of some of their younger brethren. Like a couple of mere "bobbies," or henchmen of some Vigilance Society, they have tried to lay hold on the freedom, which is also the dignity, of Fiction. It may seem presumptuous to you, Sir, if we claim an absolute freedom for her, and I would only remind you of the fate that overtook the persecutors of "Madame Bovary." But when two of her servants attempt to give laws to her, it is a pity—for them.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

A YOUNG NOVELIST.

THE NEXT HOME RULE BILL.

SIR,—I hardly expect that you will permit a wicked Liberal Unionist to take part in the very useful discussion started by Mr. J. Colquhoun Reade in THE SPEAKER, and continued last week by Mr. Walker and Mr. Morton; but I will cast myself on your hospitality, and not feel at all aggrieved if it be refused. Both Mr. Walker and Mr. Morton consider the request that Mr. Gladstone should define his new scheme of Home Rule to be obviously unreasonable. But is it so? The change he desires to make in the Constitution of the United Kingdom is of the nature of a "Constitutional Amendment" in the United States. In America such an amendment would be thoroughly known to every man in the Union before it came to be voted on. Let us suppose the next General Election to give Mr. Gladstone a majority. In that case he will have to table his Bill. If defeated in the Commons, he will again appeal to the country. If, on the other hand, his Bill passes the Commons, it will be rejected by the Lords, and there will ensue also an appeal to the country—if not after the first rejection, certainly after the second. Then why not save time and put the main points of the Bill, if not the Bill itself, plainly and boldly before the country? The old methods are not suitable to the new suffrage. The electorate is now an enormous body, and requires much more time to consider and understand a grave question like this than when it was very limited in numbers. No doubt Mr. Gladstone has agreed to consider the proposal of retaining an Irish representation at Westminster together with a separate Irish Parliament in Dublin. Mr. Parnell and his followers do not particularly care for this arrangement, and it is not stated whether the Irish members, if retained at Westminster, are to vote equally with British members, or only on Imperial questions. This is clearly a most important point. It is a pure and startling innovation in our system of Government if their vote is limited; and if it is not limited, the

innovation is even more so. Mr. Morton says "The Bill of 1886 is dead;" but Mr. Gladstone's most trustworthy lieutenant has said, "It is not dead but sleepeth." British Home Rulers appear to me at present to be divided into three sections, each differing from the others quite as much as all differ from the Unionists. There are (1) those who still hold to the Bill of 1886, and are represented by Mr. John Morley, Lord Rosebery, and Lord Spencer, three very powerful personalities. I venture to think that not one of the three would join a Cabinet pledged to give Ireland a separate Parliament and yet retain the Irish representation at Westminster with either a limited or unlimited vote. Then there are (2) those who would retain the Irish members at Westminster as at present, preliminary to "Home Rule all round," such as Mr. Asquith and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Finally there are those (3) who think some middle path possible by which the Irish members may be retained at Westminster with carefully limited powers, as a temporary measure, and these are perhaps best represented by Mr. Gladstone himself. This I conceive is a fair description of the present position of the Home Rule question, of which Mr. James Walker says:—"Surely it is well-nigh impossible to make people understand the position more clearly than Mr. Gladstone has striven to do, short of actually tabling his Bill now." Assuming that I have correctly stated Mr. John Morley's view, the difference between him and say Mr. Asquith is enormous and vital. Mr. Morley proposes merely to go back to an originally existing state of affairs in Ireland; to restore, in short, the old Irish Constitution, with a Gladstone Law in place of a Poynings Law to control the Irish Parliament. Mr. Asquith desires to recast *ab initio* the whole Constitution of the United Kingdom, on the model apparently of the United States or the Swiss Confederation. THE SPEAKER, I take it, is inclined to support Mr. Morley; the *Pall Mall Gazette* boldly and rather wildly supports Mr. Asquith. The question is, which of these two essentially different Home Rule policies enjoys the support of Mr. Gladstone? Does he propose to lop off an alleged damaged bough from the British oak, or to cut down the tree and plant one of a different sort in its place? Writing in the *Universal Review*, July 17th, that fervent Gladstonian, Mr. E. A. Freeman, says:—"The ordinary British mind is slow to understand the wholly different position of an American State or a Swiss Canton supreme within its own range, and of an English county or French Department, whose institutions may be changed in a moment by the Legislature of the country." Why should those whose special doctrine it is to trust the people not give "the ordinary British mind" ample time to grasp this essential and important difference? I do not write as a partisan, but (to again quote Professor Freeman) "one is drawn to anything which offers even a chance of getting measures discussed and voted in Parliament or out of Parliament on their real merits, and not as they affect the interests of this or that Ministry."

Liberal Union Club, August 5, 1890. E. D.

CYPRUS AND THE ARCHIVES OF VENICE.

SIR,—Adverting to your notice of the Venetian State Papers, Vol. VII., in your issue of to-day, I venture to suggest the desirability of preparing a calendar of the Venetian State Papers and MSS. relating to the Island of Cyprus in the sixteenth century. Mr. Cavendish Bentinck and his careful assistants have no doubt already had their attention called to this subject. The publication of such a calendar would be of great interest, as well as of historical value.—Yours faithfully,

3, Plowden Buildings, Temple, August 2, 1890. EDWARD ATKIN.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE.
Friday, August 8th, 1890.

THE actual effect produced by oratory is a subject—there are unfortunately many such—about which an infinity of nonsense is written. It is excessively difficult to get people to tell the truth about it. A tradition gets started, and grows and swells to most unreasonable dimensions. Oratory is the favourite art. A working man once confessed to me that he would sooner have been Sheridan than anybody else of whom any record exists.

Almost all accounts of orators are overdone. There is very little genuine criticism extant on this subject. I lately read in an American book a description of the oratorical manner and methods of the Rev. Joseph Cook. It read as follows:—

"Everybody, even on the back seats of the upper gallery, hears every word he speaks; his sentences are epigrammatic, but not polished, hurled forth like stones from a catapult—not rounded and shining pebbles of marble or chalcedony, but rugged and often jagged masses of bedrock, ironstone, granite; his eloquence is a stream, not smooth-flowing, but fierce and tumultuous, like the Rhone, or the Niagara rapids and whirlpool beyond the falls; his logic is remorseless and effective as a lightning-bolt; he seems an intellectual gladiator, slashing down opponents with a battle-axe. Now and then his hands strike each other for emphasis—no pulpit or table at reach to receive the blow—with a resounding thwack; now his foot stamps the floor, like the tread of an impatient elephant, and you listen to hear if the floor-beams crack; now, at the climax of an impassioned outburst, he lowers his head like an angry bull at charge, swings up his fists to a level with his ears, thrusts them forward like battering rams, and roars out his resounding and thought-swaying sentences.

Such noisy nonsense makes one's head ache. We have never heard the Rev. Joseph Cook, but we are certain that his logic is not remorseless as a lightning-bolt or as effective; and though it may be true, though it is unkind to think so, that he occasionally bellows like a bull, stamps like an elephant, and butts like a ram, we do not believe that the words which he utters when so behaving himself are "thought-swaying."

This no doubt is an extreme example, but still it is an example of the way in which a sham criticism of oratory is made, and a false tradition circulated. That the Rev. Joseph Cook is an effective platform speaker is probably true, and perhaps the critic in question meant to say no more.

The tradition is not always complimentary. The working man who avowed himself the so intense admirer of Sheridan demurred to being Burke, on the ground that when Burke rose to speak in the House of Commons the members stole away and left him delivering his immortal orations to empty benches.

> "Is it for that (no speeches read so well)
> That when Burke spoke he was the dinner bell?"

This is a teasing, tiresome, troublesome tradition, which one would be as glad to be rid of as of the inflated and overdone descriptions of the oratory of Sheridan. It rests upon very little. Goldsmith's oft-quoted lines count for nothing:—

> "Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
> And thought of convincing while they thought of dining."

The poet is here considering the orator's enthusiasm, which carried him along and made him forget he was addressing hungry men. The greatest orator that ever lived could never make the House of Commons forget it was a quarter to eight. It was never said of Burke that he was not a good speaker—so at least Dr. Johnson remarked one evening at Mrs. Montague's, where were assembled the most eminent literary men of the day—but only that he spoke too frequently and familiarly. On the first day in which Burke took his seat he made a speech which was listened to with delight, and I do not believe there was a time when it was otherwise. If ever there was a man well entitled to be regarded as a cool and cultivated critic of oratory, it was Gibbon, and Gibbon we all know sat in the House of Commons and heard Burke's great speech on Economical Reform; and what does he say of it?—

"I can never forget the delight with which that diffusive and ingenious orator Mr. Burke was heard by all sides of the House, and even by those whose existence he proscribed. The Lords of Trade blushed at their insignificancy, and Mr. Eden's appeal to the two thousand five hundred volumes of our Reports served only to excite a general laugh. I take this opportunity of certifying the correctness of Mr. Burke's printed speeches, which I have heard and read."

The speech must have taken hours to deliver, and had Mr. Gibbon stated that not a man left his seat during the whole period, but that all sat still and spellbound and enchanted, I should have exercised my rights as a reader and not have believed him; but Gibbon was a sensible man (though of a plethoric habit of body and indisposed to move), and avoiding

all exaggeration tells us what it is impossible to doubt is the truth and nothing but the truth. But if so, what becomes of the tradition?

The tradition mainly rests, as has been lately pointed out with great clearness by Mr. William Willis, Q.C., in an admirable pamphlet on Burke, upon an anecdote in Mr. Rush's "Residence at the Court of London":—

"I asked Erskine about Burke's delivery. 'It was execrable,' said he. 'I was in the House of Commons when he made his great speech on American Conciliation—the greatest he ever made. He drove everybody away. I wanted to go out with the rest, but was near him and afraid to get up, so I squeezed myself down and crawled under the benches like a dog until I got to the door without his seeing me, rejoicing over my escape. Next day I went to the Isle of Wight. When the speech followed me there I read it over and over again. I could hardly think of anything else! I carried it about me and thumbed it until it got like wadding for my gun.'"

This is graphic, particularly the touch about the wadding for the gun. But Mr. Willis does not believe a word of it. He points out that the speech was delivered in 1775, and that Erskine did not get into Parliament till 1783. Strangers were not admitted into the gallery on the day of the speech, so Erskine could not even have been in the precincts; but, indeed, the paragraph, if true at all, can only be so if written by a member of Parliament in his place when Burke began to speak. This Erskine certainly was not. Rush probably misunderstood Erskine. Almost the last speech Erskine ever made was at Edinburgh, and in the course of it he said that the *only* reason why Burke's speeches against the American War "did not produce as general conviction as they did unmingled admiration" was the corruption of Parliament. This is inconsistent with the notion that no human being, including Erskine himself, could be got to listen to one of the noblest speeches that ever fell from the lips of man. It is the one blot in the first Lord Lytton's delightful poem, "St. Stephen's," which is full of admirable criticism of English orators, that it takes this traditional view of Burke as gospel:—

"Shakespeare, ill-acted, do you run to hear,
And Burke ill-spoken would you stay to cheer?"

It is time the pen was put through Rush's absurd anecdote, which is obviously as false as Barrère's "Report of the 21st Messidor, Year 2," as to the sinking of the *Vengeur*. If Mr. Willis has sent a lie to the father of it, he deserves our respectful thanks.

The fact no doubt is that Burke was a great, but owing to the affluence of his fancy, the intensity of his convictions upon subsidiary points, and his almost total lack of humour, occasionally a tiresome speaker. When at his best, there was nobody to approach him; but he was not always at his best. He was a lengthy speaker, and it is quite possible to be very proud of a great man's oratory and yet to prefer your dinner to it.

Erskine's oratory was of a very different complexion. It is dependent wholly, or almost wholly, upon tradition. His speeches can only be read in scraps and fragments, and even these will probably not long survive. In Crabb Robinson's "Reminiscences," an interesting book which some day will emerge from the heap of memoirs which have been piled upon the top of it during the last twenty years, the story is told how Robinson, whilst an articled clerk in Colchester, at the Spring Assizes, 1791, heard Erskine for the first time.

"The subject of the trial was the validity of a will—Br-ham v. Rivett. Erskine came down specially retained for the plaintiff, and Mingay for the defendant. The trial lasted two days. The title of the heir being admitted, the proof of the will was gone into at once. I have a recollection of many of the circumstances after more than fifty-four years, but of nothing do I retain so perfect a recollection as of the figure and voice of Erskine. There was a charm in his voice, a fascination in his eye, and so completely had he won my affection that I am sure had the verdict been given against him I should have burst out crying. Of the facts and of the evidence I do not pretend to recollect anything beyond my impressions and sensations. My pocket-book records that Erskine was engaged two and a half hours in opening the case, and Mingay two hours and twenty minutes in his speech in defence. E.'s reply occupied three hours. The testatrix was an old lady in a state of imbecility. The evil spirit of the case was an attorney. Mingay was loud and violent, and gave Erskine an opportunity of turning into ridicule his imagery and illustrations. For instance, M. having compared R. to the Devil going into the Garden of Eden, E. drew a closer parallel than M. intended. Satan's first sight of Eve was related in Milton's words:—

'Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love;'

and then a picture of idiotcy from Swift was contrasted. But the sentence that weighed on my spirits was a pathetic exclamation—"If, gentlemen, you should by your verdict annihilate an instrument so solemnly framed, *I should retire a troubled man from this court.*' And as he uttered the word *court* he beat his breast, and I had a difficulty in not crying out. When in bed the following night I awoke several times in a state of excitement approaching fear—the words '*troubled man from this court*' rang in my ears."

In this simple, truthful, and touching narrative, we read the power of Erskine—a power independent of fashion or style. An Erskine will always please.

A. B.

REVIEWS.

THREE NOVELS.

1. Two English Girls. By Mabel Hart. Two vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1890.
2. All he Knew. By John Habberton. London: James Clarke & Co.
3. Nemesis. By Seyton Crewe. London: Eden Remington & Co. 1890.

THE quotation from Spenser on the title-page of "Two English Girls" gives the whole purport of the book:—

"Dearer is love than life, and fame than gold,
But dearer than them both your faith once plighted hold."

It is a study of comparative values. In the sketch of the old artist Vivaldi, forced to paint fruit and fish for Manchester millionaires instead of doing good work; in the story of Guido's treachery and the constancy of Ugo and Beatrice; and in the pathetic scene at the close of the second volume, we find the illustration and criticism of the couplet on the title-page. To some readers the form which Guido's treachery took may suggest a comparison with Mr. Anstey's excellent novel "The Giant's Robe;" and without doubt there is a certain similarity between the main ideas in the two books. But we do not think that a charge of plagiarism could be justified. It is equally probable that the idea may have been suggested by a certain famous libel case; and the author shows quite enough originality in other respects to make us believe it possible that she is not indebted here to Mr. Anstey nor to anyone else.

On the whole this is a most promising book. The author's ideals are noble; she shows a very fair sense of humour; her delineation of character is for the most part admirable, and her style is delicate and refined. But there are passages in the story in which it seems to us rather a pity that Miss Hart did not give herself more freedom, and allow herself to rise to the passions and emotions of her own characters. We are not asking for the love scene in gasps and the death-bed defiance of syntax; that is the other and easier extreme, with which too many novels this year have made us familiar. But there is a point where carefulness ceases to be a virtue. "Be carefully careless!" was the advice of a great American painter to the pupils in his studio. This occasional want of warmth and freedom may be due to the timorousness which is natural in a first book. There are two other faults which we may notice, and which should be very easy to correct. The author does not get on to her story soon enough; the material of the first part of the book is perilously slight. Secondly, the author is sometimes sarcastic where sarcasm has ceased to be

worth while. We cannot laugh any more at the hurried sight-seeing of Americans on the Continent, or at young men who wear strange raiment and talk culture; we have laughed till we are tired. The writing is for the most part so good that any defects stand out very plainly. We do not know if Miss Hart has intentionally taken any author as her model; but we should imagine that she was influenced to some extent by the works of George Eliot.

The story is not merely interesting; without any preaching or moralising, effectively and without pretension, it teaches much. The scene of the book is in Italy; its whole atmosphere is bright and clear. The fogs of theological controversy never obscure it. Its brightness is like the common sunlight; it is not the lurid glare of morbid and extravagant imagination. Stifled with the pastilles and putrefaction of fashionable realistic novels, one may well feel thankful for the pure air of such a book as "Two English Girls."

The seriousness of the age has overtaken Mr. Habberton, and "All he Knew" is the book which it has made him write. He has not the bitter pathos of Miss Olive Schreiner, or the force and eloquence of Mrs. Humphry Ward, or the gentle charm which was found in "John Ward, Preacher." "All he Knew" is obviously written with the very best intentions, but is dull, and frequently slipshod. The vulgarities of the society which it depicts are painful. An ex-convict—one of the few characters in the book who are not painful—has been converted, comes back to his native place, and tries to lead a better life. His form of Christianity is simple, genial, and attractive. He has a hard struggle at first; but gradually orthodoxy and respectability, hypocrisy and infidelity, go down before him. His simplicity, his humility, and his example, conquer all opposition or distrust. The incidents of the story are not very convincing; they have a made-to-order look. And it is very rarely that we come across some touch of humour which makes us remember that the author of this book once wrote "Helen's Babies." "All he Knew" is a story with a purpose, and it is no easy thing to write such a story well and impressively. An author is tempted, as in this case, to lapse into a series of improbabilities which ruin the story, and which only to the most thoughtless and uncritical reader can seem to offer any support whatever to the author's cause. To take one instance—the ex-convict, in spite of all his struggles to get an honest livelihood, reaches a very low ebb; just at that time a farmer gives him a waggon-load of firewood, a bag of flour, and a shoulder of bacon. The incident might have happened; it is not fair—it is hardly honest—to make use of it as an argument in a story. We have too many novels of this type, and "All he Knew" is very far from being the best of them.

It is very difficult to speak with patience of such a story as "Nemesis." There is proof in it that the author has wit, spirit, and some originality. There is enough story in the book for a three-volume novel. Yet the whole thing is ruined by bad taste, irreverence, and faults still worse. There is no reason why a writer should refrain from using the incidents which are to be found in this story; a more healthy and pleasing subject might perhaps be chosen, but the author is quite correct in saying that the record of such incidents is not immoral. There is every reason, however, why we should be spared the stupid and disgusting flippancy with which the author treats them; there is, for instance, no justification whatever for such a passage as is to be found in the third chapter. The book has other faults. It is crude and sketchy; the dialogue is often grotesquely unnatural. But the author, we believe, might very well have written a book equal to—possibly, better than—the average novel, could he only have avoided the sins against good taste and against good feeling which make "Nemesis" a contemptible and offensive work.

THOMAS DAVIS.

THOMAS DAVIS. The Memoirs of an Irish Patriot, 1840—1846. By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1890.

SIR GAVAN DUFFY has written three books—"Young Ireland," "Four Years of Irish History," and now "Thomas Davis"—to vindicate his colleagues, and to show that they were constitutional agitators, seeking legislative independence, not separation. He would, indeed, say that Ballingarry was "an untoward incident"; and he would ridicule the notion of "taking Dublin Castle with cabbage stumps" as much as any "sagacious" Irish Whig who ever waded through corruption to office.

To bring about a union between England and Ireland on a basis worthy of a self-respecting nation—such was the aim of Young Ireland.

This is the case which Sir Gavan Duffy—really the founder of the Young Ireland movement—states; and which, he says, the life and work of Davis prove.

But who was Davis? This, we feel, is still the question which the average intelligent English reader will ask on opening Sir Gavan Duffy's interesting volume. Thomas Davis was born in Mallow, County Cork, on October 14, 1814.

Like some of the best of Irish patriots, he was a man of British blood. "My father," he tells us, "was a gentleman of Welsh blood, but his family had been so long settled in England that they were, and considered themselves, English. He held a commission in the British army. I am descended on my mother's side from a Cromwellian settler, whose descendants, though they occasionally intermarried with Irish families, continued Protestants, and in the English interest, and suffered for it in 1688. I myself was brought up a High Tory and an Episcopalian Protestant."

Davis had acted wisely in his early youth. He gave himself up to study, and kept free of politics. Entering Dublin University—an institution, by the way, which has been prolific in the production of rebels—in 1831, he graduated with distinction in 1836, and soon established a reputation for industry and learning. In 1837 he was called to the Bar, and in 1840 he may be said to have made his first public appearance, as Auditor of the famous College Historical Society. In 1841 Gavan Duffy made his acquaintance, also the acquaintance of his friend John Blake Dillon, the distinguished father of a distinguished son. "I was in town only for a few days to keep terms at the King's Inns, and had no opportunity of cultivating their acquaintance before returning to Belfast, where I then edited a bi-weekly newspaper. But they were so unlike all I had previously seen of Irish journalists, that I was eager to know more of them. On returning to Dublin in the spring of 1842, I met them in the hall of the Four Courts, and they put off their gowns and walked out with me to the Phœnix Park to have a frank talk about Irish affairs. We soon found that our purpose was the same—to raise up Ireland morally, socially, and politically, and put the sceptre of self-government in her hands. . . . I proposed that we should establish and conduct a weekly paper as organ of the opinions we held in common. Sitting under a noble elm in the Park, facing Kilmainham, we debated the project, and agreed on the general plan. I was to find the funds and undertake the editorship, and we were to recruit contributors among our friends."

So was founded the most brilliant and powerful of Irish journals—the *Nation*. Thenceforth the life of Davis is practically the history of that journal. On its work his fame must rest. And what did the *Nation* do?

It was Duffy who said, "Educate, that you may be free." This was the text from which the writers of the *Nation* preached. They rested the claims of Ireland on an historical basis. They taught the people to study the history of their country, and so to

lay the foundation of sound political knowledge. Some public leaders in Ireland opposed the National Schools as Government institutions. "Oh, don't oppose the National Schools," said Duffy; "let the Government teach the people to read and write; the *Nation* will teach them the rest."

The *Nation* urged all classes and creeds of Irishmen to unite in the struggle for legislative independence. But the union so sought was not brought about. Davis believed he could make patriots of Irish landlords; Dillon knew better. He wrote: "A Connaught landlord [he might have written an Irish landlord] sees but one object in creation, and that is himself. He alone is made for enjoyment—all things else are made for him. . . . As for patriotism, he either fears or laughs at it. A Connaught landlord has no country." Before the Union, Irish landlords were patriots. No doubt their patriotism was narrow and selfish, but still they felt they had a country. Since the Union they have ceased to be Irish; neither have they become English. Indeed, they "have no country." "An Irish landlord," wrote John Mitchel, "is a sponge filled in Ireland, and squeezed in England." "The Protestant gentry," wrote another Young Irelander, "were excellent patriots when they had everything their own way; and perhaps they will be excellent patriots again when they have nothing their own way."

Sir Gavan Duffy publishes a very interesting extract from a letter addressed by Davis to the Duke of Wellington, in which it is curious to note how the Young Irelander anticipated the principle of the Home Rule scheme of 1886. He wrote:—

"I do not seek a raw Repeal of the Act of Union. I want you to retain the Imperial Parliament with its imperial powers. I ask you only to disencumber it of those cares which exhaust its patience and embarrass its attention. I ask you to give to Ireland a Senate of some sort, selected by the people, in part or in whole; levying their customs and excise and other taxes; making their roads, harbours, railways, canals, and bridges; encouraging their manufactures, commerce, agriculture, and fisheries; settling their poor-laws, their tithes, tenures, grand juries, and franchises; giving a vent to ambition, an opportunity for knowledge, restoring the absentees, securing work, and diminishing poverty, crime, ignorance, and discontent. . . .

"It is not impossible to combine an Irish legislature for local purposes with the integrity and foreign importance of the Empire. A local parliament granted soon, and in a kindly and candid spirit, would be fairly worked, and would conciliate that large and varied body, which from wisdom, or want, or patriotism, or ambition, are intolerant of having their local laws made, and their local offices filled, by Englishmen. . . . ."

This was not the proposal of a rebel; and, indeed, it shows a moderation and wisdom with which, we fear, few people will feel disposed to credit Young Ireland.

But to understand the aims and methods of Davis, his prose works (collected, with an admirable memoir, by Mr. Rolleston) should be studied. To know how he moved his generation, his poems must be read. Davis died in 1845. In three short years he did the work by which he lives, and shall ever live, in the memory of his nation. He gave a noble example of self-sacrificing patriotism and of exalted aims; of an industry which never flagged, of a patience which could not be exhausted, and of a devotion to Ireland which ceased only with life. Of Sir Gavan Duffy's workmanship, we shall content ourselves with saying that the book is in every way worthy of the subject and of the author.

THE NON-CHRISTIAN RELIGIONS.

THE UNKNOWN GOD; OR, INSPIRATION AMONG PRE-CHRISTIAN RACES. By C. Loring Brace. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1890.

SOME years ago Mr. Loring Brace published a volume under the title of "Gesta Christi." It was a most successful attempt to recount the triumphs of the Christian religion in the civilisation of man. Drawn from extensive and careful reading, it was full of information not to be had elsewhere in so accessible a form. But it was more than a compilation; the reader was charmed and elevated by the moral sympathy which pervaded it, his confidence was won by the reserve and discrimination which controlled this sympathy, and secured for the volume a rank far above the ordinary eulogies of its subject. Having so successfully vindicated Christianity, Mr. Brace has turned very naturally to the moral and religious triumphs of other creeds. He has brought the same conscience and sympathy to bear upon them, with the same expertness in compilation. But we do not think he has achieved so great a success as before. For one thing, the new fields of his investigation are immeasurably larger; and for another, strange as it may seem to say, they are not so fresh. When "Gesta Christi" was published, the public had nothing of its kind in their hands; it opened up a pathway through a period of European history to which there was no other popular guide. But on other religions popular works abound, which for scientific thoroughness and moral appreciation are all that can be desired; and we imagine that the public will rather seek those complete and first-hand studies than the mere gleanings, however beautiful, which are all that the limits of Mr. Brace's chapters allow him to give upon each department of his vast subject. Nor is he always correct. An anachronism like that on page 11, where he appeals to the inscriptions of Dendera, a temple built in the last centuries B.C., as "chiselled before Moses and Abraham," and some misleading statements about the Akkadians, are apt to shake a student's confidence in Mr. Brace. Nor when we turn to the reviews and summaries do we obtain any greater satisfaction. Mr. Brace does not seem to be aware of the work that has been done of late in tracing the connection among the religions of various races, especially between the Semitic and the Aryan faiths. Yet surely it was essential to his aim—of showing us the similar spiritual development that takes place in every creed—to lay bare, or at least to suggest as far as possible, their historical relations.

But with these drawbacks and limitations, Mr. Brace's book is still most useful and inspiring. His shrewdness and sympathy have not gone for nothing. Some of his criticisms are very much to the point. That against Kuenen, and the theory that there was no monotheism in Israel before the prophets, was needed and is just. The remarks upon the immense superiority of form which the religious writings of the Hebrews show to those of other creeds, like Zoroastrianism and Buddhism, are also thoughtful and true. So are the remarks, though less original, upon the want, from which Stoicism suffered as a religious system, of a great and lovable personality. And when he comes to the "practical application" of his essay, in a chapter on "The Conversion of non-Christian Nations," Mr. Brace has some obvious, but none the less needed, advice to give to missionaries upon their attitude to the religions to whose devotees they are the heralds of Christianity. Mr. Brace would have this attitude to be much more sympathetic than it is usually supposed to be. To him the first aim of every missionary of Christ to the people of a lower religion, ought to be to discover and make use of whatever elements of truth he finds in this religion—as Paul, for instance, did at Athens. Now, it is probable that no intelligent missionary would neglect so obvious an advantage as is provided for him in the conscience in his heathen hearers of certain fundamental truths; but then he would also reply to Mr. Brace, that Mr. Brace did not realise the awful moral degradation of heathendom. It is all very well to ask missionaries to copy Paul's sympathetic method at Athens, but what of Paul's denunciations, in the Epistles to Rome and Corinth, of Gentile habits?

Mr. Brace's survey discovers three striking facts: the tendency of the best men of all religions towards monotheism; the power, which the great heathen creeds have shown, of inspiring a noble and disinterested morality; and the longing, from which almost no nation has been free, for a great human personality, who shall pass through the sufferings and temptations of this life victorious, an example for other men, a source of hope and life in their heart.

Where such a personality had not actually appeared in history, as in the case of Buddhism, men framed a vivid conception of him, as in the case of the Egyptian Osiris, the texts concerning whom form the most powerful part of the Egyptian religion; while it was undoubtedly the defect of a religion otherwise so noble as Stoicism, and the real reason of its failure, that it had no such personality to present to the faith of its followers. On all these points Mr. Brace is correct, instructive, and stimulating.

FRIEDRICH SCHLEGEL'S LETTERS TO HIS BROTHER.

Friedrich Schlegels Briefe an seinem Bruder August Wilhelm. Herausgegeben von Dr. Oskar F. Walzel. Berlin: Speyer & Peters.

If not so valuable a contribution to the history of the German Romantic School as might have been expected, this bulky and amorphous volume takes rank among the canonical writings of that not wholly undivine dispensation. It contributes to show how the new movement brought life to a languishing literature, and how, when the original impulse of creative energy was exhausted, the inspiration which had died as poetry remained a vivifying influence in criticism. The history of both the Schlegels is a typical instance of that metamorphosis of the poet into the scholar which even a genuine poet who falls short of the first rank is liable to undergo, which could not be escaped by even so very great a poet as Coleridge. Of Coleridge we are continually reminded; true though it may be that his intellect could have equipped half a dozen Friedrich Schlegels without apparent diminution. The spiritual kinship is not less evident on that account; it may almost be said that Coleridge summed up in himself all the tendencies of the German Romantic School, and effected singly for England what it accomplished for Germany. The one point in which he compares unfavourably with the Schlegels is the lack of that stubborn industry which, when the gift of original invention had deserted them, gave them a new lease of influence as Orientalists. There is frequently more in one of Coleridge's desultory remarks than in pages of either Schlegel; but in the mortal one respects the diligent and well-directed effort of which the heaven-born genius was incapable.

The contrast between the Romantic Schools of England and Germany thus suggested by this volume is a continual pleasure; nor the less so as, notwithstanding some exquisite inspirations of Tieck, and the evidence of a great immature force in Novalis, the palm of imaginative achievement incontestably belongs to England. On the biographical side the collection is less interesting than might have been expected, owing to the destruction of all August Schlegel's share of the correspondence, which deprives Friedrich's of an indispensable commentary. The general relations of the parties appear hazy, and to fairly master the situation recourse must be had to such auxiliaries as Haym's History of the Romantic School, and the still more voluminous correspondence of its high priestess, Caroline von Schlegel. Friedrich's quarrel with this gifted but mischief-making woman broke up the Romantic School as a *coterie*, though its leaven, combined with similar tendencies in the writings of Goethe, Scott, and Coleridge, works to this day, and its revival holds out the only apparent prospect of the redemption of German literature from the prevailing commonplace and materialism. Friedrich Schlegel's work, therefore, is not yet done; but after the rupture with his brother in 1801, he ceases to be prominent as an original force in literature, while achieving new distinction as an Orientalist. The breach was apparently healed, but the correspondence never regained its vivacity, and, after years of languor, revives only to expire amid harsh reproaches from the more prosperous brother, and fruitless demands for the return of borrowed money.

AMERICAN VIEWS OF THE EARTH.

Aspects of the Earth: a Popular Account of some Familiar Geological Phenomena. By N. S. Shaler, Professor of Geology in Harvard University. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1890.

Characteristics of Volcanoes; with Contributions of Facts and Principles from the Hawaiian Islands. By James D. Dana. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington.

Mr. Shaler, who is well known to the American scientific world as Professor of Geology in Harvard University, has given in this volume—part of which is reprinted from *Scribner's Magazine*—a favourable specimen of a kind of book that is now becoming common, a popular treatment of scientific topics, popular in so far as it eschews technicalities, but scientific in its method and exactitude. It is a pity when this sort of enterprise is undertaken, as it often is, by men who are themselves mere sciolists, popularisers of what they have never fully mastered. There is therefore satisfaction in finding a genuine scientific method and scientific accuracy placed at the service of unskilled readers. The topics which Mr. Shaler has chosen admit of a comparatively popular handling. The first is the stability of the earth, with remarks on earthquakes; the next, volcanoes; the third, caverns, as well in their historic—and prehistoric—as in their physical bearings; the action of rivers, and formation of valleys and deltas; the instability of the atmosphere; the history of forests, and their effects on a region and its inhabitants; the origin and nature of soils. Thus the note of the book, besides the popular and easily intelligible method of treatment, is the explanation of the more recent and familiar phenomena of geology—those which the ordinary traveller or tourist can hardly help noticing; those which have given the finishing touch to the earth's surface, leaving it fit for the habitation of men. In this sense, geological science is the foundation, not only of botany and zoology, but even of history, for it helps us to comprehend and picture to ourselves the conditions under which the formation and development of human society began.

A good instance may be found in Mr. Shaler's chapter on Caverns, where, after explaining the physical origin of caves, he points out why, in America, where they are quite as abundant as in Europe, they have nevertheless been less used either by man or by wild beasts, and therefore have preserved for us less evidence of the primitive fauna and of the habits of our remote ancestors. The first inhabitants of America appear, when they entered it, or at least when they occupied the Mississippi and Ohio valleys, to have been already in a higher stage of civilisation than were the cave-dwellers of ancient Europe, and therefore used rock hollows less as places of habitation; while the comparative rarity of powerful carnivora in America led to caves being much less used as places into which to drag prey to be leisurely consumed; hence the comparative paucity of bone accumulations in American grottoes.

Another instance of even wider bearing is furnished by the chapter on the Forests of North America. The author distinguishes three epochs in the relation of forests to man. The first is that in which they are his home, he being himself, it would seem, probably of arboreal origin, and having continued to abide in the forest even when he had ceased to make his dwelling in the branches. The next is that in which, having addressed himself to agriculture, he is obliged to destroy the trees, partly by fire (as the natives of South-East Africa do to-day), partly by stone, and then by bronze tools. In the third, which civilised man has now reached, he finds that the destruction of ancient woods has gone too far, and must needs take steps to guard and to prevent the waste of what remains, not only lest his supply of timber run low, but because it is on forests that the amount of rainfall largely depends: it is forests that arrest the too

rapid carrying off of soil from the slopes of hills, and save large areas from sterilisation.

"It is unhappily impossible for us so to manage the store of utilities which the other affords that there shall be no diminution of the supply for ages to come. It is probable that the supply of coal will have in good part disappeared by the year 3000; and in the fourth millennial period of our era, a time less remote in the future than the birth of Christ in the past, the metals now in use will have to be won with great difficulty, if obtained at all. Still, we may trust the advance of knowledge and skill to compensate for these losses; solar energy may be trusted to afford heat, and aluminium to take the place of iron; and the world may be the better for the change which forced a rustless metal and a dustless fuel into use. At any rate, we see that the supply of mineral resources of the earth necessary for our successors may be prolonged for a time in the future which is far beyond our power to conceive. It is otherwise with the soil-covering of the earth's surface. So far as one can see, that is the least enduring and least replaceable of any of those features on which the life of the earth depends. It is the harvest of the past, and, once destroyed, it cannot be supplied save by the slow process of the ages" (pp. 259-60).

The remarks and counsel with which Mr. Shaler follows up his interesting discourse on forests and their functions in the economy of nature, though primarily applicable to North America, have no small importance for Europe and for India. The volume is one nearly the whole of which may be profitably studied by the non-scientific reader who is curious about nature and observant of her workings.

Mr. Dana's book on volcanoes is another evidence of the energy which the Americans have of late years displayed in scientific work, and which has been conspicuous in no field more than in that of geology. They have the advantage of a vast and untrodden field thrown open to them in the western part of their own continent, and they have profited by their opportunities to raise the level of scientific attainment in their own country, and establish a claim on the respect of those who cultivate the study of Nature in the more exhausted soil of Europe. No department of geology is more fascinating to the semi-scientific student than "Vulcanology," for he can understand it with less special research than many other branches, such, for instance, as those presupposing a familiarity with fossils require: and it connects itself with remarkable pieces of scenery, which he who has travelled even a little may probably have seen. Mr. Dana, however, writes for the professional geologist rather than, like Mr. Shaler, for the intelligent "general reader." His account of the Hawaiian volcanoes, and particularly of Kilauea, is minute and exact, and illustrated by numerous cuts, useful though not artistic. It is a valuable account, for no volcano changes more frequently than Kilauea; and certainly none of equal size and power is so easily observed, and therefore furnishes so many data for the study of volcanic phenomena in general. Apart altogether from its high scientific interest, it affords the most superb display of natural forces in the whole world which a traveller can reckon on seeing. Other volcanoes have occasional eruptions of equal or greater magnitude, but Kilauea is almost always in a state of eruption, and its lava fountains can be visited with perfect ease and safety. Mr. Dana investigates carefully the phenomena of recent eruptions, and casts a good deal of fresh light upon them. Some he does not profess to solve. One is the destination of the lavas which escape from the great crater by a subterranean outlet. It is believed that they pass through some hidden channel to the sea, and are ejected under its surface; but though a great ejection of this kind must have taken place in 1886, the spot seems uncertain. Another is the nature of the flames which play over the surface of the liquid lava lake of Halemaumau. Mr. Dana's authorities speak of them usually as bluish, but to our own recollection they are rather of a greenish-yellow hue, appearing for a moment, where the surface of the lake breaks at the beginning of the rise of a lava fountain, as if they were escaping from a bursting gas bubble. The most peculiar feature of the Hawaiian volcanoes generally, of Mokuaweomeo no less than of Kilauea—viz., the extreme fluidity of their basaltic lavas, which has created cones rising at an extremely low angle—is well explained. Mauna Loa shows as a sort of mound with an average inclination less than that of St. James's Street. The book is a contribution of considerable value to the history of what is probably the most singular volcanic area on the earth's surface, and makes the reader wish, as everyone who has visited Kilauea must have wished, that a permanent vulcanological observatory could be established on the edge of the crater, and manned by one or two competent men of science.

THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

The Advancement of Science. By E. Ray Lankester. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

This book is published opportunely. Since it appeared, the author, who stands in the foremost ranks of English biologists, has been appointed to a professorship at Oxford. He has thus just entered upon a position in which much may be done to promote the "Advancement of Science," and this lends additional interest to a collection of his essays under that title.

The lectures and articles which Professor Lankester has brought together into one volume have been published during the last ten or twelve years in one or other of the magazines or in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Several are on technical biological subjects, which are treated in a very suggestive and interesting way. Others deal with the position taken by science in this country, and it is on these we propose to dwell.

The first essay is the lecture delivered before the British Association on "Degeneration." By means of several striking instances, the lesson is driven home that there are creatures which have retrograded in the scale of being. The mammoth and the dodo have met with an honourable fate. Life became too hard for them, and they died. But some wretched races have made the fatal discovery of methods by which food and safety might be very easily obtained. Often it has been by pillage. They have become parasitic, and when once a position of comfortable dependence is secured, the organs required for an active, independent existence wither by disuse. "Away go legs, jaws, eyes, and ears; the active, highly gifted crab, insect, or annelid, may become a mere sac, absorbing nourishment and laying eggs."

The application of this striking fact to the body politic is obvious. The fate which has overtaken inferior races may befall classes of men, nations, or mankind as a whole. The assumption of universal progress is, according to Professor Lankester, an "unreasoning optimism," and he tells us that "the full and earnest cultivation of science—the Knowledge of Causes—is that to which we have to look for the protection of our race—even this English branch of it—from relapse and degeneration."

We are perhaps as fully alive as Professor Lankester himself to the importance of science, but we must confess to a doubt as to whether it is a specific against national decay. If we may reason by analogy from inferior beings to mankind, we may surely regard the individual man as typical of the race. If so, is it true that the Knowledge of Causes is the only or even the best preservative against degeneration? Most of us know some who have been ruined, and whose ruin is the more hopeless because the acts which led to it were performed with full knowledge of their meaning and probable results.

"Though I understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; . . . and have not charity, I am nothing," is the form in which the truth was once stated, and though the words too often fall on ears dulled by long reiteration, it is none the less a fact that moral as well as intellectual qualities are

essential to victory in the struggles which all must share.

To do Professor Lankester justice, however, though the peroration to the lecture on degeneration gives but a one-sided view of the facts, it is the view which it is most necessary to impress upon the English people. We are too apt to assume that any deficiency of knowledge or adequate preparation on our part, will be made good, when an emergency arises, by English energy, bravery, or practical ability.

With this national weakness in view, it is satisfactory to note that although all Professor Lankester's essays are comparatively recent, some of the shortcomings with which he reproaches us have already been made good.

It was discreditable that while in 1883 France, Holland, Italy, and the United States, had seaside laboratories specially constructed for the study of marine organisms, the British coast was at that time "entirely destitute of any such home of research." It is reassuring to learn from an Appendix that there is now a well-equipped laboratory at Plymouth, which has already "been the means of adding important facts to our knowledge of that most valuable food-fish, the common sole." The initial cost has been about £12,000; the annual expenditure is £1,250.

It is, however, almost ridiculous to compare this moderate outlay with the complicated machinery which had to be set in motion to procure funds. The War Office, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the Corporation of London, the Fishmongers', Clothworkers', Drapers', Mercers', Goldsmiths', and Grocers' Companies, the Royal, the Zoological, and the Royal Microscopical Societies, the British Association, private benefactors, and the great council of the nation assembled in Parliament, had all to be invoked, and had all to give aid before the people which boasts that it "rules the waves" could undertake a formal investigation of the living wealth which they conceal.

This brings us to the subject of another of Professor Lankester's essays, the relation between "Biology and the State," or, in more general terms, the provision for the promotion of scientific research in this country. On this the democracy has yet much to learn. It is willing that money should be spent to educate the people. It too often regards one of the highest results of education—the extension of knowledge—as a form of self-advertisement, which is amply rewarded by a little cheap applause. It shrinks from the scenes of physical violence which accompanied the struggle for existence around the gates of the docks. It looks on complacently at the more orderly struggle of the examination room, which is to open to the victors the road to the higher education. But, provided the fray is fairly fought, it knows and cares little what the higher education thus attained may be. Nay, with a strange want of logic, it regards those who attain it as deserters from the ranks of the masses to the classes. It applauds the passage of a boy by successive steps from the elementary school to the University; but when in a few years he emerges as a teacher, it grudges him the salary and the leisure which can alone make his teaching effective.

It cannot, therefore, be too often asserted that, apart from the effects of culture on himself, the education of a scientific man has two main objects. First, that he should be able to hand on to others the knowledge he has himself received from others; secondly, that he should be able to transmit to posterity some additional contributions of his own. Professor Lankester clearly distinguishes between the duties of the teacher and the investigator—duties which can be combined, and which are mutually helpful, provided neither class is allowed to overwhelm the other. We heartily agree with all that he says about the desirability of establishing some institution like the Collège de France, the professors of which are investigators first and teachers afterwards. But, after all, what is chiefly needed is an appreciation by the English people of the importance of research.

There are now scattered up and down the country a number of colleges, supplied with the buildings, if not always with the apparatus, necessary for accurate investigation. The professors have gained their positions after competition of the severest kind. They are picked men; and many of them do, more of them could, add to knowledge. Probably, however, there is hardly one of them who does not feel that his teaching is impaired by the very fact that it is regarded by his employers as the one thing needful. Time and strength are spent and wasted in trying to meet demands with which no one man, however competent, can properly deal.

Elaborate schemes for the endowment of research would be less urgent if the managers of such colleges were ready to recognise the fact that by encouraging the self-cultivation of their staff they indirectly but most potently promote the cultivation of their students. It would be easy to determine in each case how and when help could best be given. The Royal Society distributes grants in aid of research to persons whose qualifications are properly attested, and who are engaged on inquiries which seem likely to bear fruit. How often or how seldom does it occur to the council of a college, that the fact that a young professor has obtained such a grant is a reason for relieving him as far as possible from unnecessary drudgery, and for supplying him with assistants qualified to help him in his work?

When once it is fully recognised how much the teaching of a man who possesses the essential qualities of a good teacher is elevated, how much more likely he is to attract students, how much better he commands their attention, if he is also a successful investigator, the endowment of research will be largely accomplished by the spontaneous action of those who are fortunate enough to command the services of "researchers" whom they can endow.

A HANDBOOK OF ROMAN HISTORY.

The Sancta Respublica Romana. A Handbook to the History of Rome and Italy, A.D. 395—888. By Richard Heber Wrightson, M.A. London: Henry Frowde. 1890.

The title of this book is good, impressing as it must do in the mind of the least attentive reader the fact that the Roman Empire, even when it was most obviously tending towards a mere autocracy, still believed itself to be something very different from the Asiatic and African monarchies over some of whose dominions it ruled, still persuaded itself, and partly persuaded the world, that it was the veritable continuation of the old Roman Republic made holy by its connection with the Christian Church.

The author only aspires to furnish a handbook to the history of Rome during five centuries of transition, and in that aim we think he has succeeded. He does not claim to have furnished any new or important contribution to the history of that period. He is sufficiently acquainted with the contemporary authorities, though we imagine that the basis of his work was furnished by Muratori's "Annali d'Italia"—not a bad foundation to build upon. It is probably this authority which has led him into an occasional deviation from our established spelling of proper names, such as Giovius for Jovius (p. 29), Siagrius for Syagrius (p. 90), and so on. His statement about "the centuries that had elapsed [before the reign of Justinian] since the great Theodosius published his Code" shows a confusion between Theodosius the First and Second, and is contrary to the author's own more correct statement as to the Theodosian Code on page 48.

Still, notwithstanding some blemishes of this kind, this little book is upon the whole a trustworthy and useful handbook, and the Italian traveller who wishes to understand allusions to events which occurred in these obscure centuries, will do well to pack it in his portmanteau.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

Six lectures delivered to the managers of the London Board Schools in the winter of 1889—90 on the best methods of raising the social condition of the children of the industrial classes, have just been published in a volume entitled "Elementary Schools: how to Increase their Utility." The subjects discussed in the volume are science-teaching, music, physical culture, hand and eye training, mechanics, and recreation, and in each case the lecturers were carefully chosen because of the twofold qualification of knowledge and experience. The value of many, if not all, of the opinions and suggestions contained in this timely volume is not open to question; and at the present moment, when public attention is directed to the improvement of elementary schools, and new departures in school-life are everywhere under debate, we agree with Mr. Bousfield in thinking that these outspoken and practical addresses will prove of interest to the teaching profession at large, and to social reformers in every part of the kingdom. There is truth in the assertion that the change in modern habits of life in large towns makes both physical culture and manual training much more necessary than was formerly the case. We are reminded in these pages that one result of the late Mr. Matthew Arnold's investigations into the methods of instruction pursued in the elementary schools of Germany, Switzerland, and France, as compared with those of England, was the bringing to light of the fact that our system of education was less formative of character, and produced fewer permanent results on the children, than that of the nations in question, where teaching is less purely intellectual. There is a capital paper on Physical Culture in this volume, by Colonel Onslow, who is widely known for his praiseworthy efforts to improve the physique of the rank and file of the British army. The battle of life must inevitably run hard with those who have to earn their livelihood by manual labour, if they are sent forth to confront its exacting demands lacking bodily endurance and stamina. Colonel Onslow, we need scarcely say, is not a military martinet who looks at physical culture from the narrow standpoint of a drill-sergeant. On the contrary, he interprets it to mean that children should be instructed in the elements of physiology and hygiene, and be taught certain simple rules for the preservation of health, such as the importance of good food and pure water, fresh air, cleanliness, proper exercise, and the like. He thinks, moreover, that we should strive to cultivate their bodily and mental powers side by side, but in neither direction ought their strength to be taxed to the verge of exhaustion. This caution is all the more necessary when it is remembered that the underfed, badly nurtured, and neglected children of the poorest and least thrifty classes of the community are amongst the pupils of our elementary schools. Mr. Ricks, one of the Inspectors of the London School Board, lays stress on the educational value of manual training in stimulating habits of observation, attention, and accuracy; and his lecture is, in fact, an admirable lay sermon on the saying of Comenius—"Things are best learned by doing them." We heartily commend the book to the attention of all educationists, and do so the more gladly since from beginning to end it reads like a commentary on the old and wholesome maxim, "Youth will never live to age without they keep themselves in breath with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness."

Canon Eden has just brought out a new and revised edition of his well-known book of reference, "The Churchman's Theological Dictionary." The aim of the book is to give a plain and simple account of terms which constantly occur in the discussion of theological and ecclesiastical problems. Within moderate compass, a wide range of subjects are elucidated, and the information which is given is presented in a concise and, generally speaking, in an uncontroversial form. Theology, according to Hooker, is but the "science of things divine," and this book is a conscientious and scholarly attempt to explain the terms employed in that science from the standpoint of an Evangelical Churchman, who views with indignation and dismay the innovations in doctrine and ritual, the growth of what he terms a "Romish bias" amongst a considerable section of the parochial clergy of modern England. More care ought to have been taken by Canon Eden, however—especially in this revised edition of his work—in regard to the statements which are made concerning the Nonconformists. Less than seven lines, for instance, are devoted to the Methodists, and no attempt whatever is made to explain their tenets, history, or organisation, and yet more than a page of the book is devoted to a lame and laboured account of the Baptists. Canon Eden has extremely little to say about the Congregationalists, except that "this class of persons are frequently confounded with Independents, but are in reality to be distinguished from them." It is a pity that an otherwise capable book should be marred by such inadequate and absurd statements. Misrepresentation in a work of reference is a serious matter, and in this case it could easily have been avoided by the simple process of asking for information from the official representatives of the denominations concerned.

"Frays and Forays" is the name which Captain Younghusband gives to a slim volume descriptive of soldiering in the Soudan, sport in India, service and adventure on the frontiers of Afghanistan, and garrison life in different parts of the East. Captain Younghusband extols the Ghoorka regiments, and says that they share with the Sikhs the honour of being the bravest soldiers, not in India alone, but in Asia. The Ghoorka is small of stature, but is "thickset, hardy, and as bold as a lion; and when his blood is up, his dash and valour are astonishing." The little "Gurkee," as his friend Tommy Atkins dubs him, gets on better with that worthy than any other native soldier, and as a rule the two live together on the most amicable terms, alike in peace and war. A pleasant little book, abounding in graphic descriptions of sport and society, and written with kindliness as well as candour.

Mrs. Mason's dainty gift-book, "The Steps of the Sun," is made up of "prose extracts" selected with admirable taste from a wide field in literature. Sometimes these "daily readings" consist of half a dozen lines, and in other cases they fill a page, but in every instance care has been taken to quote enough to render the meaning of the author plain. The scope of the book will at once be apparent when we add that the Saturdays of the present month are represented by passages from the works of Bishop Hall, Charles Lamb, Sir Thomas Browne, Abraham Cowley, and Alexander Pope.

Prospective tourists to the West of England, Wales, Ireland, and the Channel Islands, would do well to arm themselves with the new edition of "The Official Guide to the Great Western Railway," a cheap handbook of reference which has gradually grown to considerable importance. The new edition, which has just appeared in time for the holiday season, contains explicit and detailed information about a multitude of interesting and picturesque places which are "served," in the railway sense of the term, by the Great Western. Twenty-three official, panoramic, and route maps are provided; there are at least a dozen specially engraved plans of the chief cities and towns, whilst no less than two hundred and fifty illustrations brighten and elucidate the historical, topographical, and literary allusions of the text. In size and general aspect this useful "guide" looks uncommonly like a stout and well-dressed relative of the familiar and indispensable "Bradshaw."

A modern Amazon, who styles herself "Diane Chasseresse," is responsible for a volume of illustrated "Sporting Sketches," in which she figures to more or less advantage, according to the reader's ideas of what is womanly and becoming. She apostrophises her "dear little rifle," and has much to tell us about "Little Death," her dog, and by means of the pictures scattered through the text we are enabled to follow many of her masculine exploits. We see her, for example, lying at full length in a "delightful waterproof boat," with two big dogs perched on the top of her, and a rifle over her shoulder, floating down a salmon stream in Scotland in order to pot the game on the banks. Then we are permitted to behold her crouching on the moors, propped up by the brawny shoulders of an attendant gillie, whilst a cool shot is taken at the browsing deer on the hillside. One of the most startling pictures in the book—it is worthy of the artists who adorn the front page of the *Police News*—represents "Diane Chasseresse" descending from the clouds *à la* Baldwin, but without the parachute, whilst a Highlander, more in sorrow, it is to be hoped, than in anger, strikes a tragic attitude on an adjacent mountain. The text is worthy of the pictures, and the whole book is worthy of—"Diane Chasseresse" and others of that ilk.

* Elementary Schools: how to Increase their Utility. Six Lectures, with a Preface by William Bousfield. London: Percival & Co., King Street, Covent Garden. Crown 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

The Churchman's Theological Dictionary. By Robert Eden, M.A. New Edition, Revised, with an Introductory Notice by the Rev. H. C. G. Moule, M.A. London: Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row, E.C. Crown 8vo.

Frays and Forays. By Captain G. J. Younghusband, Queen's Own Corps of Guards. London: Percival & Co., King Street, Covent Garden. 12mo. (1s.)

The Steps of the Sun. Daily Readings in Prose. Selected by Agnes Mason. London: Rivingtons, Waterloo Place. 18mo.

The Official Guide to the Great Western Railway. New and Revised Edition. Illustrated. London, Paris and Melbourne: Cassell & Co., Limited. 12mo. (1s.)

Sporting Sketches. By Diane Chasseresse. With Illustrations. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Crown 8vo.

NOTICE.

—o—

Editorial Communications

should be addressed to "The Editor," and Advertisements to "The Manager," at 115, Fleet Street, E.C.

The Editor cannot return Manuscripts which are sent to him unsolicited.

Advertisements

should be received not later than Thursday morning.

Applications for copies of The Speaker, and Subscriptions, should be sent to Cassell & Company, Limited, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

Terms of Subscription by Post—

Yearly	£1 8s.
Half-yearly...	14s.
Quarterly	7s.